UNITED STATES SONGSTER.

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THE

UNITED STATES SONGSTER.

A

CHOICE SELECTION OF ABOUT

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY OF THE MOST

POPULAR SONGS:

INCLUDING NEARLY ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THE

AMERICAN SONGSTER.

AS SUNG BY

Miss C. Fisher,	Mrs. Austin,	Mr. Matthews,
Miss Rock,	Miss Petrie,	Mr. Anderson,
Mrs. Knight,	Mrs. French,	Mr. Jefferson,
Miss Gillinghams,	Mrs. Wood,	Mr. Phillips,
Miss George,	Mrs. Barnes,	Mr. Pearman,
Miss Kelly,	Mr. Wood,	Mr. Simpson,
Miss Peaton,	Mr. Cowell,	Mr. Braham,
Miss Free,	Master Cowell,	Mr. Nicholls,
Sen'a Garcia,	Mr. Sloman,	Mr. Eberle,
Miss Jefferson,	Mr. Keene,	Mr. Hyle,
Miss Stephens,	Mr. Sinclair,	Mr. Incledon,
Mrs. Sloman,	Mr. Horn,	Mr. A. Drake

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE PIZING SARPENT,

SETTIN ON A RAIL; JIM BROWN,

AND A NUMBER OF NEW AND ORIGINAL SONGS,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

CINCINNATI:

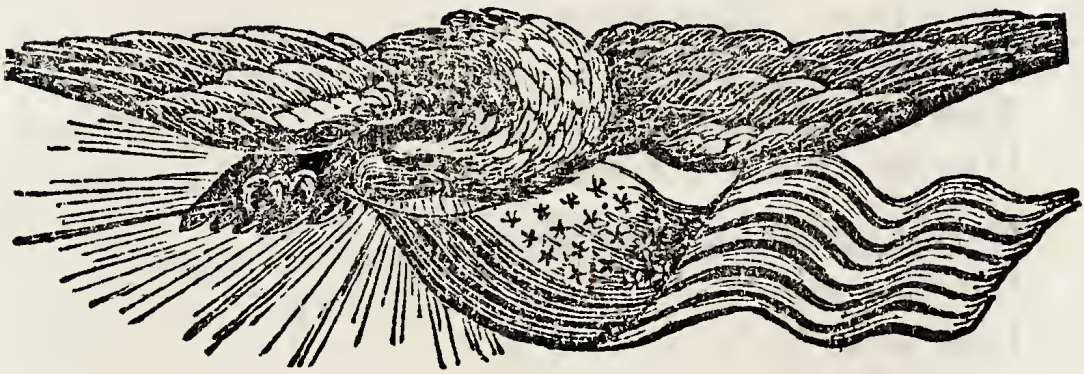
PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES,

No. 167 Walnut Street.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836,
BY J. A. JAMES & CO.
In the Clerk's Office for the District Court of Ohio.

THE

UNITED STATES SONGSTER.



The Star Spangled Banner.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze, o'er the low'ring steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam.
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more?
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save, the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land,
Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave

Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue.

As sung by Miss C. FISHER, at the Park Theatre.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'.
Its guid to be merry and wise,
Its guid to be honest and true,
Its guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Its guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sma';
Here's freedom to him that would read,
Here's freedom to him that would write,
There is nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indite.
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Its guid to be wise, to be honest and true,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

The Minute Gun at Sea.

Let him who sighs in sadness, hear,
Rejoice and know a friend is near:
What heavenly sounds are those I hear,
What being comes the gloom to cheer?
When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free;
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.
Swift on the shore a hardy few,
The life-boat manned with a gallant, gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save;

Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.
But oh! what raptures fill each breast,
Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd·
Then landed safe, what joys to tell,
Of all the dangers that befell;
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea;
By the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea.

Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart
E'er the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace

Mechanics' Song.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

Ye merry MECHANICS! come, join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along;
Though some may be poor, and some rich there may be,
Yet all are contented, and happy, and free.

Ye TAILORS! of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town,
Remember that Adam, your father and head,
The lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.

Ye MASONS! who work in stone, mortar, and brick,
And lay the foundation deep, solid, and thick,
Though hard be your labor, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye SMITHS! who forge tools for all trades here below,
You have nothing to fear while you smite and you blow,
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you're careful to strike *while your iron is hot.*

Ye SHOEMAKERS! nobly, from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with your *awl to the last;*
And COBBLERS! all mercy, not only stop holes,
But work night and day for the good of our *soles.*

Ye CABINET-MAKERS! brave workers in wood,
As you work for the ladies, your work must be good;
And JOINERS, and CARPENTERS! far off and near,
Stick close to your trades, and you've nothing to fear.

Ye HATTERS! who oft, with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block, for a blockhead to wear;

Though charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye Coach-Makers! must not by tax be controll'd,
But ship off your coaches, and fetch us home gold,
The roll of your coach made Copernicus reel,
And fancy the world to turn round like a wheel.

Ye Carders, and Spinners, and Weavers! attend,
And take the advice of Poor Richard your friend;
Stick close to your loom, and your wheel, and your card,
And you never need fear of the times being hard.

Ye Printers! who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for Turks, Christians, and Jews,
Let your favorite toast ever sound in the streets,
The freedom of speech, and a volume in sheets

Ye Coopers! who rattle with *driver* and *adze*,
And daily do lecture on hoops and on heads,
The famous old ballad of *Love in a Tub*,
You may sing to the tune of your rub-a-dub-dub!

Ye Shipbuilders, Riggers, and Makers of Sails!
Already the new constitution prevails.
And soon you shall see, o'er the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.

Each Tradesman turn out with his tools in his hand!
To cherish the arts and keep peace through the land,
Each Apprentice and Journeyman, join in my song!
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along.

Hail Columbia.

Hail Columbia, happy land,
Hail ye patriots, heaven-born band,
Who independence first proclaim'd,
Who independence first proclaim'd.
Immortal be that glorious day,
When first we cast our chains away
Let independence be our toast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever gratetul for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies.
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

All party toasts we here disclaim,
Which, joined with wine, the soul inflame
And prove the source of civil broils,
And prove the source of civil broils.

Let us this day that made us free,
Devote to sacred harmony.
So rapidly our states increase,
Cherish'd by freedom, nurs'd in peace,
If bumpers to each state we take,
Uproar might all our country shake.
Firm united, &c.

Yet one to him, we'll grateful give,
Who in our hearts must ever live;
Whose glorious name inscribes above
Whose glorious name inscribes above
Who such a noble race has run!
Who so rever'd as WASHINGTON?
Then, let us independence boast,
Ne'er forgetting what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies.
Firm united, &c.

Let us despise all party zeal,
Let us both one attachment feel;
Our country's love alone prevail,
Our country's love alone prevail.
Discord avaunt! we scorn your arts
No jealous doubts disturb our hearts
For kings and queens while Europe fights
Friendship and peace be our delight.
The nation's voice is in our laws,
The nation's will is freedom's cause.
Firm united, &c.

Mary's Dream.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from its eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;

When Mary laid her down to rest,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
When soft and slow a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye.
Oh! Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far in depth, I sleep from thee;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save.
But all our striving was in vain;
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love to thee;
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Oh! Mary, dear, thyself prepare,
To go with me unto that shore,
Where love is free from grief and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crew the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.

Comin' through the Rye.

As sung by Mrs. KNIGHT, at the Cincinnati Theatre.

If a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry;
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, none they say ha'e I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, when comin' thro' the rye.

If a body meet a body, comin' fra' the town.
If a body greet a body, need a body frown;
Ev'ry lassie has her, &c.

Among the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her, &c.

I have Fruit, I have Flowers.

As sung by Miss. C. Fisher, with great applause.

I have fruit, I have flow'rs, that were gathered in the bow'rs,
Amid the blooming hills, so high, so high;
I have fruit, I have flow'rs, the daughters of the show'rs,
Of the dews and the rills—will you buy?

I've a young nightingale, that by moonlight in the vale,
So fondly to a rose his love did sigh:
I stole within their bow'r, caught the silly bird and flow'r;
Will you buy the pretty lovers? will you buy?

Will you buy? will you buy, buy, buy?
Will you buy? will you buy, buy, buy?
I have fruit, I have flow'rs, the daughters of the show'rs,
Of the dews and the rills—will you buy?

I have fruit, I have flow'rs, will you buy?
Will you buy? will you buy? will you buy? will you buy? will you?
I have fruit, I have flow'rs, will you buy? will you?
Will, will you buy? will you buy? will you buy, buy, buy? will you buy? will you buy? will you buy?

The Hunters of Kentucky.

As sung by Mr. LUDLOW, in the New-Orleans and Western Country Theatres.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if you've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for an opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often here you see
A hunter from Kentucky.
Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy free-born race,
Each man to fear a stranger;
Whate'er the game, we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are "alligator horses."
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make old hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his schemes repented;
For we with rifles ready cock'd,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New-Orleans
Is fam'd for wealth and beauty—
There's girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty.

So Packenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,
In spite of old Kentucky.
Oh ! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,
And wasn't scar'd at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles;
So he led us down to Cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull in martial pomp;
And here was old Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying:
Behind it stood our little force—
None wish'd it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire,
Before they show'd their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places;
But when so near to see them wink,
We thought it time to stop 'em;
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight,
Where lead was all their booty

And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all our beauty.
And now if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is;
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect you, ladies.
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

Oh! Never fall in Love.

As sung by Miss Clara Fisher, in the Musical Farce of the Invincibles, at the Park Theatre.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
Oh! never fall in love;
Better lead apes, you know where,
Than ever fall in love.

For men, their ends to gain,
Are cruel, when most kind;
Their tears are false as rain,
Their vows are only wind.

And if you say them no,
They swear their hearts are broke,
Yet, when half dead with wo,
How nice and plump they look.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
Oh! never fall in love;
Better lead apes, you know where,
Than ever fall in love.

For, if a rake you wed
For better and for worse,
When honey-moons are fled,
Oh! how he'll squeeze your purse.

And if you scold all night,
Quite easy by the by,
Your husband grown polite,
Snores most melodiously.
Fall not in love, &c.

All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.

As sung by MR. BRAHAM.

March, march, Ettrick and Tivotdale;
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order
March, march, Eskdale and Liddlesdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border.
Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story;
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for your king and the old Scottish border.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow;
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

I should very much like to know.

As sung with unbounded applause, by MISS C. FISHER, at the Park Theatre.

As I walk'd last night,
In the dim twilight,
Some one whisper'd soft and low,
Whisper'd soft and low,
What a pretty girl is she,
I wish she would fancy me.
Now, whoever this could be
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know,
Whoever it was said so,
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know.

A gipsy in the wood,
Said she'd tell me something good,
For his name began with O,
His name began with O,
And he'd surely marry me,
For it was his destiny.
Now, whoever this can be
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know,
Whose name it begins with O;
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know.

Hey the bonnie Breast-knots.

As sung by Miss GEORGE.

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie, hey the bonnie breast-knots,
Blythe and merry were they a', when they put on the breast-knots.
There was a bridal in this town, and till't the lasses a' were boun,
Wi' mankie facings on their gowns, and some of them had breast-knots;
Singing, hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie, hey the bonnie breast-knots,
Blythe and merry were they a', when they put on the breast-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene, some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' shennen' buckles on their sheen, and flow'rs upon their waiscoats;
Out came the wives wi' a phrase, and wished the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they o' her claes, especially the breast-knots;
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

The bride she was baith young and fair
Her neck outshone her perlins rare,
A satin snood bound up her hair,
And flow'rs among the breast-knots.
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

The bridegroom gazed, but maist, I ween,
He prized the glance o' love's blue een,
That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,
When she got on her breast-knots;
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove.

As sung by Mr. BRAHAM, in the Opera of Guy Mannering

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie O,
Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie O,
Where the rose in all its pride,
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie O

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty water-fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie O

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie O,
Where so oft, beneath its shade, bonnie lassie O,
With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie O.

But I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie O,
To the fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie O,
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented brier,
Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie O,
On thy lover, at this hour, bonnie lassie O,
E'er the golden orb of day
Wakes the warbler from the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie O,
Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie O.

Life let us cherish.

Life let us cherish,
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret
Pluck e'er it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care;
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way?

When clouds obscure the atmosphere, and forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver cast, and smiles adown the west.
Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er, then let us, e'er we quit this shore,
Contentment seek; it is life's rest, the sunshine of the breast.
Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with every toil and care, and cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflicts meet, 'till death sounds the retreat.
Life let us cherish, &c.

Home! sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home! there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give my lowly thatch'd cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet home! there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

I've been roaming.

As sung by Madame VESTRIS and Miss L. GILLINGHAM

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
O'er the rose and lily fair,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With the blossom in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the honey-suckle creeps,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Over hill and over plain,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bower back again.

The Dashing White Sergeant.

As sung by Miss STEPHENS.

If I had a beau,
For a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say no?
No, no, not I!
When his red coat I saw,
Not a sigh would I draw,
But I'd give him "eclat" for his bravery!
If an army of amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away,
March away.

When my soldier was gone,
D'ye think I'd take on,
Sit moping forlorn?
No, no, not I!
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return crown'd with victory!
If an army of amazons, &c.

O, 'tis Love, 'tis Love.

As sung by Mr. PHILLIPS.

O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
From woman's bright eye glancing;
O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Every heart entrancing.

What claims the monarch's duty !
What soothes the peasant's pain ?
What melts the haughty beauty,
And conquers her disdain ?
O, 'tis love, &c.

O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
The warrior doth inspire ;
O 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
That kindles soft desire.
On rocks or lonely mountains,
In palaces or vales,
In gay saloons near fountains,
'Tis love alone prevails.
O, 'tis love, &c.

Stop Thief, or the Stolen Heart.

As sung by Miss C. Fisher.

Stop thief, stop thief, my heart is gone astray,
And I think I discry,
In yon fair lady's eye,
The delinquent who stole it away ;
When it left its own breast,
It was clad in a vest
Of true love, unsullied and bright,
And naught from its home
Could induce it to roam,
But the lustre of loveliest light.
Stop thief, stop thief, my heart is gone astray
And I think I descry,
In yon fair lady's eye,
The delinquent who stole it away.

Stop thief, return my heart, I pray,
I would willingly give,
And pray how can I live,
If my heart be thus stolen away :

Do but think of my love,
And the loss it would prove,
Then restore it—and yet 'twere in vain;
For it is my belief,
That each eye holds a thief,
That would steal it again and again.
Stop thief, &c.

Kelvin Grove.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny laddie, O,
The sweet scene of early love, bonny laddie, O,
Farewell to cot and mill, farewell to dell and hill;
We'll fondly gaze adieu, bonny laddie, O.

Hark! the drums to arms beat, bonny laddie, O,
Let us march, our foes to meet, bonny laddie, O,
When in the battle field, love's guardian angel shield,
And my prayer shall be for thee, bonny laddie, O.

If thou'rt wounded in the strife, bonny laddie, O,
I will cheer and guard thy life, bonny laddie, O,
Amid dread war's alarms, thy pillow be my arms,
Till health again restore my dear bonny laddie, O.

When peace shall bless our shore, bonny laddie, O,
To our native hills once more, bonny laddie, O,
With little cot and mill, beside the fall and hill,
And Scotland's sons shall hail my bonny laddie, O.

Oh, no! I'll never mention him.

As sung by Miss GEORGE.

Oh! no, I'll never mention him,
His name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word:

From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek, in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valleys where we met;
I do not see that hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget?

They tell me he is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets his vow;
But heed not what they say;
Like me, perhaps, he struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if he loves as I have lov'd,
He never can forget.

The Carrier Pigeon.

As sung by MRS. HOLMAN.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who bearest the sighs of a lover,
And bringest him news of his fair:
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
Oh! perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine,

Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleeter when nerv'd by the vine.
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing quill a soft billetdoux;
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the color of true heart's sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck,
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck:
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away,
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

Let this brow, on thy bosom reclining.

Let this brow, on thy bosom reclining,
Cease to ponder on pageants gone by;
Let these eyes, dimm'd with fruitless repining,
Dwell no longer on life's darken'd sky.
For where else may these temples, reposing,
But on that couch of peace, slumber free;
And where else may these swollen eyelids, closing,
Safely rest, but, dear woman, with thee?

Yet when fate steals thee hence for our chast'ning,
Adding griefs to be baffled alone,
O'er the world's weary waste then, while hast'ning,
What shall soothe us like loveliness gone?
Lo! a bed 'neath the turf is preparing,
To its bosom the wanderer shall flee:
For with woman no longer life sharing,
Where, O grave! shall we rest, but with thee?

They're a' noddin.

As sung by Mrs. AUSTIN, at the Park Theatre.

And they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
And they're a' noddin, at our house at hame;
The cats lo'e milk and the dogs lo'e broo,
The lads lo'e lasses and the lasses lo'e lads too
And they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
And they're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

O they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O they're a' noddin at our house at hame;
In comes old dame wi' a pan o' good broo,
The de'il take tak' ye a' for ye've been a noddin 'o
And we're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame;
An' how d'ye dame, and how d'ye thrive,
An' how many bairns ha' ye? Lassie, I ha' five
And they're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin, at our house at hame;
But the drums they beat, and the pipes they pla,
And the foulk are a' crazy for to march away;
While we're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin, at our house at hame;
My Jammie tarry not, when your country ca's,
For glory waits on him wha for Scotland fa's;
While we're a' noddin, &c

All hail to the Brave and Free.

As sung by Miss CLARA FISHER.

All hail to the brave and free,
On land or on rolling sea,
Whose hosts advance, with sword and lance,
In the cause of liberty.
And whether in triumph's car,
They follow vict'ry's star,
Or patriots fall 'neath glory's pall,
They still are the pride of the war.
Then hail to the brave and free,
On land or on rolling sea,
Whose hosts advance, with sword and lance,
In the cause of liberty.

Oh, who on the rolls of fame,
Shall boast the highest name?
Or who shall bear, from woman fair,
Those smiles which the world would claim!
For whom shall the song arise,
Which a people send the skies?
For whom shall bloom, on the battle tomb
The laurel which never dies?
Oh, none but the brave and free,
On land, &c.

Then raise our flag on high,
A meteor 'gainst the sky;
With rolling drum, we'll proudly come,
To guard it, or to die.
Firm place the lance in rest,
Against a faithful breast;
The trumpets call, obey we all,
And valor shall do the best.
And then with the brave and free,
On land, &c.

Wha'll be King but Charlie.

As sung by Mr. KEENE.

The news frae Moidart cam yestreen,
Wull sune gar mony farlie,
For ship o' war ha'e just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're all the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' all your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie.
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu' lawfu' king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie.

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John a Groat's to Airlie,
Ha'e to a man resolv'd to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma,'
Wi' mony a lord and laird, ha'e
Declared for Scotia's king and law,
And speir ye wha but Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

There's no lass in a' the land,
But vows, baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early,
His very name our heart's bluid warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Though Love is warm awhile.

As sung by Mr. PEARMAN.

Though love is warm awhile,
Soon it grows cold;
Absence soon blights the smile,
When it grows old.
Dearest, thy love was mine,
My every thought was thine;
Thus did our hearts entwine,
Ere love was cold.

But could thy bosom prove
Faithful, my fair;
Could'st thou still fondly love,
Still absence bear?
Oh, it was sweet to be,
Lov'd as I was by thee;
But if thou'rt false to me,
Welcome despair.

The Campbells are comin.

As sung by Miss STEPHENS.

The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin
From bonny Loch Lomond.
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho.

The great Argyle he goes before,
He makes the guns and cannons roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum,
And banners waving in the sun.
The Campbells are comin, &c.

Wi' bonnet blue, auld Scotia's pride,
And braid claymore hung at their side,

Wi' plumes all nodding in the wind
They ha'e no left a man behind.
The Campbells are comin, &c.

Hark! hark! the pibroch's sound I hear.
Now bonnie lassie dinna' fear;
'Tis honor calls, I must away,
Argyle's the word—and ours the day.
The Campbells are comin, &c.

Macgregor's Gathering.

As sung by Mr. HORN.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae.
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day,
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo:
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.
If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles:
Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers.
Glen Strae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours.
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach; landless, landless, landless.
Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston, like icicles melt,
E'er our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.
If they rob us of name, &c.

March to the Battle Field.

As sung by Mr. HORN.

March to the battle field;
The foe is now before us,
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us;
The woes, the pains,
The galling chains,
Which kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain,
We've broke again,
And tore each link asunder!
March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us,
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us.

Who, for his country brave,
Would fly from her invader?
Who, his base life to save,
Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
Our hallow'd cause,
Our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant pow'r sustaining,
We'll gain a crown
Of bright renown,
Or die, our rights maintaining!
March, &c.

Oh, yes! we often mention her.

Oh, yes, we often mention her,
And breathe again her cherished name,
And though she now is far away,
She lives within my heart the same.
I think not of her loss with tears,
Nor nourish with a vain regret,

The memory of former years,
Although I *never* can forget!

I do not fly from scene to scene,
That thoughts of her may cherish'd be,
For she is still where'er I roam,
A solace and a joy to me
I stray where we have often stray'd,
And linger where we often met,
Without a thought of grief to shade;
Although I *never* can forget.

They tell me that contentment dwells
Within my calm and spotless breast,
And how can I unhappy be.
When she I love so well is blest?
She thinks no more on other days,
With sorrow or with vain regret,
Although, perchance like me, she says,
I *never*, *never* can forget.

The Minstrel's return'd from the War

The minstrel's return'd from the war,
With spirits as buoyant as air;
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sings in the bower of his fair:
The noise of the battle is over,
The bugle no more calls to arms,
A soldier no more, but a lover,
I kneel to the power of thy charms!
Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty,
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

The minstrel his suit warmly prest,
She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head,

Till conquer'd, she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said:
"The bugle shall part us, love, never,
My bosom thy pillow shall be;
Till death tears thee from me for ever,
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."
Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty!
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

But fame called the youth to the field,
His banner wav'd over his head;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
But soon he laid low with the dead:
While she, o'er her young hero bending,
Receiv'd his expiring adieu:
"I die, while my country defending,
With my heart to my lady-love true."
"Oh! death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty,
For the grave of my hero is mine,
He died true to love and to duty!"

Buy a Broom.

As sung by Miss C. Fisher, at the Cincinnati Theatre

From Teuschland I come, with my light wares all laden,
To dear sunny England, in summer's gay bloom,
Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty maiden,
Oh buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom;
Buy a broom, buy a broom, *(spoken)* "buy broom,"
Oh buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom.

To brush away insects, that sometimes annoy you,
You'll find it quite handy to use night and day,
And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away?
Buy a broom, &c.

Ere winter comes on for sweet home soon departing,
My toils for your favor again I'll resume,
And while gratitude's tear from my eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in England, I cried "buy a broom."

(spoken.) Yes, I shall go back to my own country, and tell them there, I sold all my wares in England, singing,

O mein lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin,
O mein lieber Augustin, Alles 'ist weg,
Bock ist weg
Stock ist weg
Auch ich bin in dern drick
O mein lieber Augustin, Alles ist weg.

My bonnie Lass, now turn to me.

As sung by Mr. PEARMAN.

My bonnie lass, now turn to me,
And give a smile to cheer me,
An honest heart I'll gie to thee,
For in truth I love thee dearly.
Come o'er the heather,
We'll trip together,
All in the morning early,
With heart and hand,
I'll by thee stand,
For in truth I love thee dearly.
Come o'er the heather,
We'll trip together,

For I heed neither mother,
Nor father, nor brother,
With heart and hand,
I'll by thee stand,
For in truth I love thee dearly.

There's many a lass I love full well,
And many who love me dearly,
But there's ne'er a one, except thysel',
That I e'er could love sincerely.
Come o'er the heather, &c

Cushlamachree.

As sung by Signorina GARCIA.

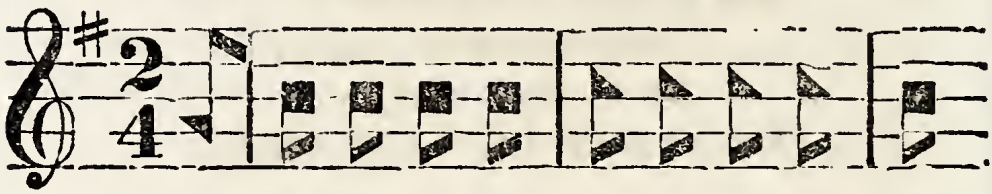
Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the west, the world's Cushlama chree.

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger
There smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcom'd with Cushlamachree.

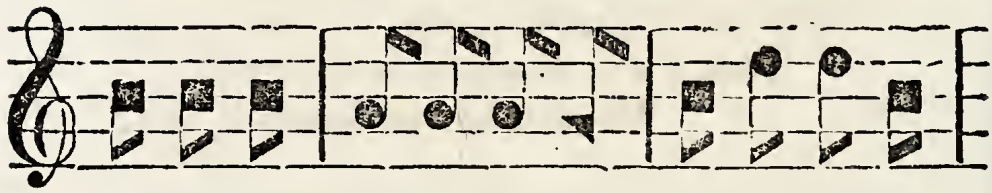
Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseat cheeks of thy daughters discover,
The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee,
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing;
May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

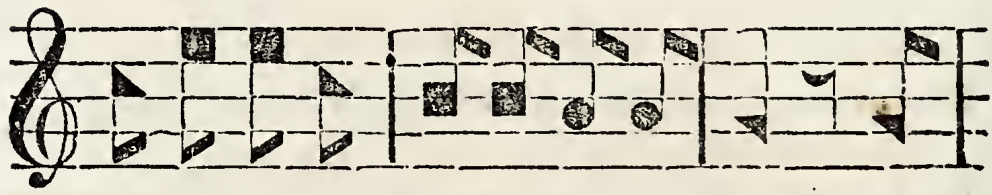
The Racoon Hunt, or Settin on a Rail.



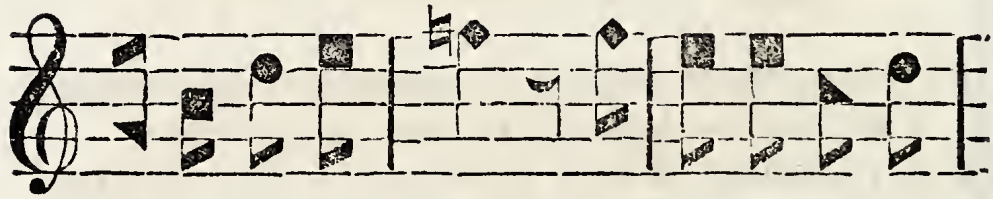
As I walk'd out by light de moon, So sweet-



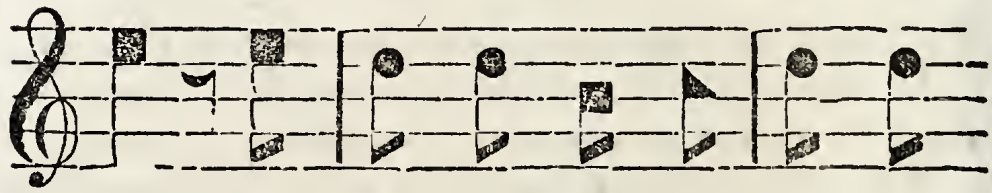
ly singing dis ole tune, O dere I spi'd a



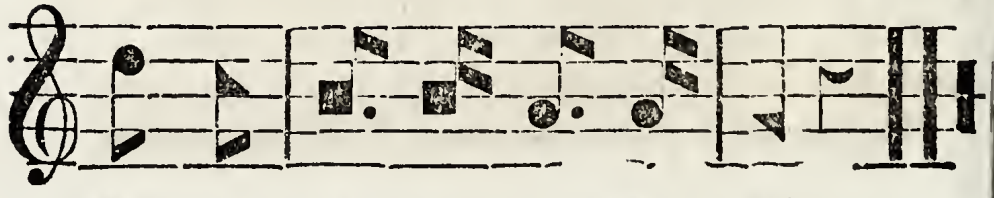
big racoon a settin on a rail! A



settin on a rail, A settin on a



rail, O dare I spi'd a big ra-



coon a settin on a rail.

Says I, Mr. Coon, how do you do?
Says he, Mr. Jaw Bone how are you,
I do not fear de bug-gar-boo,
A settin on a rail,
A settin on a rail, a settin on a rail,
I do not fear de bug-gar-boo,
A settin on a rail!

Oh! den says I to Mr. Coon,
I'll hab your skin dis arternoon,
And neber more by light de moon,
Will you set upon de rail,
Will you set upon a rail! will you set upon de rail!
And neber more by light de moon,
Will you sit upon de rail!

So I cotch dis coony by de tail,
An I pull him down from off de rail,
An neber more will he sit dare,
A grinnin at de moon,
A grinnin at de moon, a grinnin at de moon,
An neber more will he sit dare,
A grinnin at de moon!

Oh I wish dat you been dare to see,
How dis racoon did grin at me,
When I laid him down across a tree,
And skin'd him wid a rail,
And skin'd him wid a'rail, And skin'd him wid a rail,
When I laid him down across a tree,
And skin'd him wid a rail!

Den I laid dis racoon down,
Without de skin upon de ground,
De coons, and possoms all around,
To bid dis coon good bye,

To bid dis coon good by, to bid dis coon good bye,
De coons and possums all around,
To bid dis coon good bye!

And den says I we'll dig a hole,
An dare we'll bury de poor ole sole,
And while I sing de bell shall tole,
For de coony on de rail,
For de coony on de rail, de coony on de rail,
And while I sing, de bell shall tole,
For de coony on de rail!

Miss Dinah she be dead and gone,
An lef me here to sing jawbone,
De debil sing her funeral song,
God bless her lef her go,
God bless her lef her go! God bless her lef her go,
De debil sing her funeral song,
God bless her lef her go!

Wid a golden spade I'll dig her grave,
Wid a golden chain I'll lef her down,
An den I'll sing to her dis song,
An bless her lef her go,
An bless her lef her go, an bless her lef her go,
An den I'll sing to her dis song,
An bless her lef her go,

Now good folks all, I'll take my leave,
But I hope dear galls you will not grieve,
For I'll tell you more dis big racoon,
Dat I cotch by light de moon,
Dat I cotch upon de rail, dat I cotch upon de rail,
For I tell you more dis big racoon,
Dat I cotch upon de rail.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT MIT SIGEL.

AIR—*The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

I've come shust now to tells you how
I goes mit regimentals,
To schlauch dem voes of Liberty
Like dem old Continentals,
Vot fights mit England long ago,
To save de Yankee eagle;
Un now I gets mine sojer clothes,
I 'm going to fight mit Sigel.
CHORUS—Yaw! daus is true, I speaks mit you,
I'm going to fight mit Sigel.

Ven I comes from de Deutche countree,
I vorks somedimes at baking,
Den I keeps a lager-beer saloon,
Un den I goes shoemaking;
But now I vos a sojer been,
To save de Yankee eagle,
To schlauch dem tam Secession folks,
I 'm going to fight mit Sigel. CHORUS—Yaw! etc.

I gets ein tam big rifle guns
And puts him to my shoulder,
Den march so bold like a big jack-horse,
Un may been someding bolder;
I goes off mit de volunteers
To save de Yankee eagle,
To give dem rebel vellers fits,
I 'm going to fight mit Sigel. CHORUS—Yaw! etc.

Dem Deutchen mens, mit Sigel's band,
At fighting have no rival;
Un ven Cheff Davis' mens we meet,
Ve schlauch 'em like de tuyvil.
Der's only von ding vot I fear
Ven pattling for de eagle,
I von't get no more lager-beer
Ven I goes to fight mit Sigel. CHORUS—Yaw! etc.

For rations dey give us salty bork,
I dinks dat vas a great sell,
I petter likes de sour-krout,
De *Switzer-kase* un *pretzel;*
If fighting Joe (or Liddle Mac) vill give us dem,
Ve'll save de Yankee eagle;
Un I'll put mine vrow in breechaloons
To go un fight mit Sigel. CHORUS—Yaw! etc.

The Woodpecker.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaimed,
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush if I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

By the shade of yon hawthorn, whose red berry dips,
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine.

The Smile of Contentment and Love.

TUNE—"Kinloch of Kinloch."

Oh! dear is my cottage, unclouded by sorrow
And sweet is the bower my Emeline wove;
Ah! nought from the gay or the wealthy I'd borrow,
While bless'd with the smile of contentment and love.

The mirth of my children, their playful caresses,
Unceasing delight to a parent must prove;
Then talk not of him who more splendor possesses,
My wealth is the smile of contentment and love.

The morning awakes us to health and to labor,
The lark points to heaven as first to be praised,
The ev'ning procures me my friend and my neighbor,
To join in the tribute by gratitude raised.

And while with such music re-echoes my dwelling,
While harmony still lingers over the grove,
Oh! if there's a bliss such enjoyment excelling,
It beams in the smile of contentment and love.

Black-eyed Susan.

As sung by Mrs. Wood, at the Park Theatre.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
Perchance his mate's shrill voice to hear,
And drops, at once, into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips, those kisses sweet.

Oh! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so.
For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white;
Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn:
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board,
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her lessening boat, unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cried, and waved her lily hand.

The Bucket.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH, ESQ.

TUNE—"Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane."

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And ev'ry lov'd spot that my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock, where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, and the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket, which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss cover'd bucket, which hung in the well

That moss cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb it inclin'd to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
And now far remov'd from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,
The moss cover'd bucket arose from the well.

Hurrah for the White, Red, and Blue.

As sung by Mrs. HACKET.

Hush'd is the clamorous trumpet of war,
Hush'd, hush'd is the trumpet of war;
The soldier's retired from the clangor of arms,
The drum rolls a peaceful hurrah.

'Tis cheering to think on the past,
'Tis cheering to think we've been true,
'Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,
And gaze on our white, red, and blue.
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
'Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,
And gaze on our white, red, and blue.

Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,
Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,
And who would not sigh for the glorious brave
That rest on a patriot bed?
'Tis glory, for country to die,
'Tis glory that's solid and true;
'Tis glory, to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes
And die for our white, red, and blue.
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
'Tis glory to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,
And die for our white, red, and blue.

Here's freedom of thought and of deed,
Here's freedom in valley and plain;
The first song of freedom that rose on our hills,
Our sea shore re-echoed again.
'Tis good to love country and friends,
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to die shouting at sea or on shore;
"Hurrah for the white, red, and blue!"
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
'Tis good to die shouting, at sea or on shore,
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue!"

The Blue Bell of Scotland.

BY MRS. GRANT.

O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble, till he comes safely home;
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble, till he comes safely home.

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
He dwelt beneath the holly-tree, beside the rapid Spey
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away;
He dwelt beneath the holly-tree beside the rapid Spey
And many a blessing follow'd him the day he went away.

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across his manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across his manly breast that yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah! suppose that some cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound!

The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
round him fly,
And for his king and country dear, with pleasure he
would die.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie
bounds,
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie
bounds,
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his war-
like name resounds;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his war
like name resounds.

Erie and Champlain.

Hail to the day which arises in splendor,
Shedding the luster of victory fair,
Long shall its glory illumine September,
Which twice beheld freemen the victors in war.
Rous'd by the spirit of heaven-born freedom,
Perry, her lightning pours over the lake,
His falchion, a meteor, glitters to lead them,
And swift on the foemen, in thunders they break
Loud swells the cannons' roar,
Round Erie's sounding shore,
Answer'd in volleys, by musketry's voice,
'Till Britain's cross descends,
And the haughty foe bends;
Victory, glory, Columbians, rejoice.

Hail to the day, which in splendor returning,
Lights us to conquest and glory again;
Time, hold that year—still the war-torch was burning,
And threw its red ray on the waves of Champlain.
Rous'd by the spirit that conquer'd for Perry,
Dauntless McDonough advanc'd to the fray,
Instant the glory that brighten'd Lake Erie,
Burst on Champlain with the splendor of day:
Loud swells the cannons' roar,
On Plattsburg's bloody shore,
Britons retreat from the tempest of war,
Prevost deserts the field,
While the gallant ships yield;
Victory, glory, Columbians, huzza.

Hail to the day, which, recorded in story,
Lives the bright record of unfading fame,
Long shall Columbians, inspir'd by its glory,
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.
Victory scattered profusely the laurel
Over our heroes, on land and on flood,
Britain, astonish'd, relinquish'd the quarrel,
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.
Now cannons cease to roar
Round freedom's peaceful shore,
Silent and hush'd is the war bugle's voice;
Let festive joys increase,
In the sunshine of peace,
Peace gain'd by victory; freemen, rejoice.

Away o'er the blue Waves of Ocean.

As sung by Signorina GARCIA.

Away o'er the blue waves of ocean,
I go to my own native shores;
Yet this bosom will glow with devotion
To the clime and the scenes it adores.

Round memory's shrine fondly lingers
The joys that have twin'd their bright spell;
And the harp that vibrates to these fingers,
Sighs in sadness the tones of farewell.

Where Italy's bright skies are shining,
And France, sunny France, spreads her bloom,
This heart will look back with repining,
And its pleasures be sadden'd in gloom.
Deep thrilling emotions are breaking,
While my thoughts on past images dwell;
And my voice at these visions are waking,
Breathes in sadness the notes of farewell!

The Young Troubadour.

As sung by Mr. PEARMAN.

To the mountain's wild echo I warble my lays,
And harmless I wander through woods and through braes;
The peasant by moonlight, oft strays o'er the moor,
To welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

Oh, come to the lattice, and list to my lay;
Wave, wave thy fair hand, and bid me to stay;
Oh grant but this boon, I ask for no more,
'Twill enliven the song of the young Troubadour.

Then I'll sing the old ditties of heroes that died.
And of maidens like you, for whom lovers have sigh'd
Oh, hearken then, lady, to-morrow I'm sure
You'll welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

Bruce's Address to his Army.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, whom Bruce has often led
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Auld Lang Syne.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR, at the Cincinnati Theatre.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
Fra mornin' sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine:
And we'll tak' a right gude wille-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

The Girl I left behind me.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
And o'er the moor doth tire me;
With heavy thoughts my mind doth fill,
Since first I parted, Betsy,
In search of some one fine and gay,
Several doth remind me
Of the bless'd hours I pass'd away,
With the girl I left behind me.

The hours I do remember well,
When recollection takes me,
A pain within my breast I feel,
Since first she own'd she lov'd me
But now I'm going to cross the sea,
The heavens above may guide me,
And me send safe home back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, her carriage chaste,
Left me, poor swain, a pining.
But let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and rainy,
I will return safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

For when I'm standing on parade,
Either asleep or waking,
I long to see my love again,
For her my heart is breaking.
When I think of the vow of love,
The tears do fall and blind me,
When I think of the virtuous grace
Of the girl I left behind me.

Bay of Biscay, O

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs;
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid powers.
The night both drear and dark
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dash'd upon the billows,
Our op'ning timbers creak—
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak.
To climb the slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay,
Till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow,
Broke through the hazy sky!
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd the bitter sigh!
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay,
On that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent—
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail
With the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

Battle of Lake Erie.

When late Columbia's patriot brave,
Sail'd forth on Erie's tranquil wave,
No hero yet had found a grave,
Within her watery cemetry.

But soon that wave was stain'd with gore
And soon did every concave shore,
Re-echo with the dreadful roar
Of thundering artillery.

Behold! two hostile fleets appear!
The eager shouts of battle hear,
No heart is there appall'd by fear;
All pant for glorious victory

His torch the God of battles lights,
For naval glory Britain fights.
For "Freedom and the sailor's rights,
Columbia combats gallantly.

The Lawrence's decks are strewed with dead
And many a gallant spirit fled,
And many a hero's nobly bled,
To win a wreath of victory.

Alas! and can no prowess save,
Our ship, a wreck upon the wave,
And snatch the corses of the brave,
From an impious conqueror?

Ah, yes! that youth with eagle eye,
Though heaps of slain around him lie,
Through death and carnage will descry
The path that leads to victory

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

A soul like his no danger fears,
His pendant from the mast he tears,
And his gallant bosom bears,
To grace the bold Niagara.

See! see! he quits the Lawrence's side,
And trusts him to the foaming tide,
Where thundering navies round him ride,
And flash their red artillery.

His oar each sturdy seamen plies,
He gains the deck! his pendant flies,
Triumphant shouts ascend the skies,
And rend the vaulted canopy.

"The combat deepens—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave,"
Columbia's rights upon the wave,
Protect from proud Britannia.

Huzza! the tide of battle turns!
Now every hero's bosom burns!—
'Tis done:—again Britannia learns
To strike to great Columbia.

Barclay, thy deeds of glory done,
Thy laurels at Trafalgar won,
Shall now adorn our gallant son,
And signalize his victory.

His country shall with glory crown,
His deeds of empire and renown,
And history shall hand them down
To endless posterity.

Draw the Sword, Scotland!

As sung by Miss C. Fisher.

Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
O'er moor and o'er mountain hath pass'd the wa
sign:
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
The clans they are gathering, by loch and by lea
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory
Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Charge as ye have charged in days lang syne
Sound to the onset! onset! onset!
He who but falters is nae son o' thine!

Sheath the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Sheath the sword, Scotland! for dimm'd is its shine
Thy foemen are flying, flying, flying,
And who kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine.
The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle is over, the victory won:
There are tears for the fallen, fallen, fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done.
Sheath the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine:
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them,
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine

Highland Mary.

As sung by Mr. Sinclair.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath her fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly;
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

I'd be a Butterfly.

As sung by Miss E. JEFFERSON.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet;
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth, must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, tho' you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day,
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away;
Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
Means of procuring a weary delay,
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

John Anderson, my jo.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR, at the Theatres in the U. States

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent!

But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man:
And you among them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that ye have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,

Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na' that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've lived
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to my bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie the flower o' Dumblane,
Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonnei,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
An' far be the villain divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,
So dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Meet me by Moonlight.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale;
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen,
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there,
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes
So meet me by moonlight alone.

Maggy Lauder.

Wha wadna be in love,
Wi' bonnie Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speer'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone you hallan shaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
Or is your drone in order;
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a' baith far an' near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it;
Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson:
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Fin ye should come to Enster fair,
Speer ye for Maggy Lauder.

Betsey Baker.

Sung by Mr. SLOMAN, with enthusiastic applause, at the Park and Bowery Theatres.

From noise and bustle far away,
Hot work my time employing;
How happy did I spend each day,
Content with health enjoying.
The birds did sing, and so did I,
As I passed o'er each acre,
I never knew what 'twas to cry,
Till I saw Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

One Sunday she was dress'd so neat,
One Sunday in hot weather;
With love I found my heart did beat,
As we sung psalms together;
So piously she hung her head,
The while her voice did shake her,
I thought if ever I did wed,
It would be Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

Now from her side I could not budge,
I am sure I thought no harm on't;
My elbow then she gave a nudge,
And bid me mind the sarmont.

When church was over, out she came,
But I did overtake her,
Determin'd I would not be balk'd,
I spoke to Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

Her manners were genteel and cool,
I found in conversation;
She'd just came home from boarding school,
With finish'd education.
But love made me speak out quite free,
Says I, I have many an acre,
Won't you give me your company!
No, I shan't, says Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

All my entreaties she did slight,
And I was forc'd to leave her,
So I got no sleep all the night,
For love brought on a fever.
The doctor came, he smelt his game,
With long face like a quaker,
Says he, young man, pray where's your pain!
Says I, sir, Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

I travel'd over hill and dale,
I never look'd behind, sirs,
My efforts were of no avail,
As you will quickly find, sirs;
And all the way I went along,
To try to overtake her,
I ask'd the people if they'd seen
My cruel Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

I once again to Betsey went,
Once more with love to attack her.

Meanwhile she got acquainted wit..
A rambling mad play actor.
If she would have him, he did say,
A lady he would make her,
So he gammon'd her to run away,
And I lost my Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

To the Park Theatre next I went,
Where my surprise was heighten'd,
To see my love toss'd to and fro,
By a black Othello frighten'd.
He told her for to get to bed,
To kill her he did shake her,
I cried aloud, O don't do that!
'Tis my sweet Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

The people they cried, turn him out!
And I was so ashamed of it,
For kicking up is all the row,
But Betsey should be blamed for't.
The farce came on soon after that,
I think it was the Quaker,
When who should come again, that's pat,
But my sweet Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

And now I must conclude my song,
Before to-morrow morning;
Lest you might think it rather long,
And I should set you yawning.
If any nice young lady here
Is pretty, I will take her,
Providing that she is fond of me,
And her name is Betsey Baker.
Fal de ral.

Ralph Rosy's rambles in search of Kitty Clover, his sweetheart.

A favorite comic recitation, as delivered by Mr. SLOMAN, at the New-York Theatres.

Well here I be, I's just come to town,
Th' York broad wheel'd waggon set me down
At Bull at Mouth, a place well know'd
By folks in Lunnun, I am told;
And a bonny place it be, but here I han't time to stay
For the loss of Kitty Clover plagues me night and day
O, she wur a bonny lass, but mayhap some of thee can tell
Where sweet Kitty Clover now doth dwell,
She's sent for me, she did indeed—
I ha' gotten the letter, which to thee I'll read;-
"Dear Ralph, this comes to say,
That you mun to Lunnun come without delay
As to be your wife I at last consent,
If to be my husband you still be bent;
I ha' spoken to parson, and he'll make us twa yan,
Till then, I remain,
Your, Kitty Clover, Lunnun."
This be the letter that Kitty sent,
To marry her wur always my intent:
But where Kitty lives, I can't find out,
Tho' from street to street I've wander'd all about.
So I thought at corner o' street I'd stay
Till Kitty Clover pass'd that way;
But she never com'd, so I gang'd away;
I knock'd at doors next, and axed within,
If one Kitty Clover could be seen?
"Morning, Sir; is one Kitty Clover live here?"
"No."—"Nor here?" "No."—"Nor here?" "No."
—Well,
'Tis strange every body knows, yet none can tell:
At last I gi'd her up; but as I com'd along,
Hearing, as I thought, a song,
I stepped up, thinking Kitty might be 'mong throng-

" Pardon my boldness, but say,
Is Kitty Clover here ? tell me, pray ?"
" Kitty !—Kitty ! !—Kitty ! ! !—no, she bea'nt here,"
Nor any where else I fear ;
Howsomdever, some of you may meet her :
But that you may know her well,
Her description I had better tell ;
But fearing my story may be a bit too long,
I'll serve up t'rest in the shape o' song.

Sweet Kitty Clover.

As sung by Mr. SLOMAN.

Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, oh . oh .
Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, oh ! oh !
Oh ! her face is round,
And red and fat,
Like pulpit cushion,
Or redder than that ;
Oh ! sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, oh ! oh
Oh sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, oh ! oh

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, oh ! oh !
Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, oh ! oh !
She's three feet tall,
And that I prize,
As just a fit wife
For a man of my size ;
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh ! oh !
Yes, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh ! oh !

Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go, oh ! oh !
Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go, oh ! oh !
One moonlight night,
Ah me, what bliss !
Thro' a hole in the window,
I gave her a kiss ;
Oh ! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh ! oh !
Oh ! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, oh ! oh !

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, oh ! oh !
If Kitty to kirk with me would go, oh ! oh !
I think I should never
Be wretched again,
If after the parson
She'd say Amen !
Then Kitty you'd ne'er again bother me so, oh ! oh
Then Kitty you'd ne'er again bother me so, oh ! oh

Kate Kearney.

As sung by Miss PETRIE, at the Cincinnati Theatre

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Kilarney,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For her eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming.
Yet, oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Kilarney !
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney ;
Tho' she looks bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple,
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Robin Adair.

As sung by Mr. PHILLIPS.

What's this dull town to me ?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wish'd to see,
What wish'd to hear ?

Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair;
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there:
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair;
Yet I'll be true to thee,
Robin Adair:
And him I lov'd so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

A Highland Laddie heard of War.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

A highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion,
He heard the distant cannon roar,
He saw the smiling ocean;
Come weal, come wo, to sea he'd go,
And left one morning early,
Loch Lomond Ben, and the willow glen,
And Jenny, that lov'd him dearly.

He wander'd east, he wander'd south,
But joy he could not find it;
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it;

Of a' the earth the bonnie north,
To cherish late and early,
Loch Lomond Ben, and the willow glen,
And Jenny, that lov'd him dearly.

Adventures of Major Longbow.

As sung by Messrs. SLOMAN and ROBERTS, at the New York Theatres, with enthusiastic approbation.

I'm a general, 'tis well known,
For ever in a bustle,
My head's as hard as a stone,
And, dam'me, lots of muscle;
Nothing hurts me, d'ye see,
I can either walk or fly;
Upon my life it's true;
What will you lay it's a lie?

I swam from Chesapeake bay,
To the middle of the sea,
With three men on my back,
For dam'me, nothing hurts me;
I fought a shark in my way,
And bung'd up his left eye;
Upon my life, &c.

I met a ship in distress,
Bumping among the rocks,
I lifted her up, (you may guess,)
And carried her safe to the docks;
Then I drank a whole puncheon of
Eat an ox and a half, or nigh;
Upon my life, &c.

To the mermaids taught the quadrilles,
Their assembly room, the sea,
Their light, the glorious sun—
More brilliant what could be?

They danced, and soon got hot,
The fish began to fry;
Upon my life, &c.

By way of a savory dish,
I toasted a whale on a fork,
Drank thirty dozen of wine,
In the time you could draw a cork.
Pick'd my teeth with a Unicorn's horn,
Which came trotting by:
Upon my life, &c.

In the east I din'd with a friend,
Where they had no window sashes,
The sunbeams enter'd the room,
And burnt his wife to ashes;
Sweep your mistress away, said he,
Bring wine for my friend and I;
Upon my life, &c.

I came home on a Congreve rocket;
So swift the sea I cross'd,
That only for Nelson's pillar,
Dear Dublin I'd surely lost:
With joy shook hands with the pillar,
Which instantly wink'd its eye;
Upon my life, &c.

Banks of Brandywine.

One morning, very early, in the pleasant month of May,
As I walked forth to take the air, all nature being gay,
The moon had not yet veil'd her face, but through the trees did shine,
As I wander'd for amusement, on the banks of Brandywine.

By many rough and craggy rocks and bushes of small growth,
By many lofty, ancient trees, the leaves were putting forth,
I wandered up along those banks, where murmuring streams do join,
Where pleasant music caught my ear, on the banks of Brandywine.

At such an early hour I was surprised to see,
A lovely maid with downcast eyes upon those banks so gay:
I modestly saluted her; she knew not my design,
And requested her sweet company, on the banks of Brandywine.

She said, young man, be civil, my company forsake,
For, in my real opinion, I think you are a rake;
My love's a valiant sailor, he's now gone to the main,
While comfortless I wander, on the banks of Brandywine.

My dear, why do you thus give up to melancholy cries?
I pray leave off your weeping, and dry those lovely eyes;
For sailors in each port, my dear, they do a mistress find,
He will leave you still to wander, on the banks of Brandywine.

Oh! leave me, sir, do leave me, why do you me torment?
My Henry won't deceive me, therefore I am content;
Why do you thus torment me, and cruelly combine,
To fill my mind with horror, on the banks of Brandywine?

I wish not to afflict your mind, but rather for to ease
Such dreadful apprehensions, they soon your mind will seize;
Your love, my dear, in wedlock bands, another one is join'd;
She swooned into my arms, on the banks of Brandywine.

The lofty hills and craggy rocks re-echoed back her strains,
The pleasant groves and rural shades, were witness to her pains:
"How often has he promised me, in hymen's chains to join,
Now I'm a maid forsaken, on the banks of Brandywine."

Oh! no, my dear, that ne'er shall be, behold your Henry now,
I'll clasp you to my bosom, love, I've not forgot my vow;
It's now I know you're true, my dear, in hymen's chains we'll join,
And hail the happy morn, we met on the banks of Brandywine.

Battle of North Point.

TUNE—"Anacreon in Heaven."

Hark, hark, was the cry, when *Baltimore* town
Was besieg'd by the plundering Cockburn and Co.
Hear you not the great guns, hear ye not the trump sound;
Haste, haste, was the cry, let us meet the proud foe,
Let us march, heart and hand, let us make a bold stand,
And teach those invaders to cautiously land—
For this ground our fathers declared should be free,
And as dutiful sons we'll enforce their decree.

Our general gave orders for troops to march down
To meet the proud Ross, and to check his ambition,
To inform him that we have decreed in our town
That here he can't enter without our permission;
And if life he regards, he will not press too hard,
For Baltimore freemen are ever prepar'd
To check the presumptuous, whoever they be
That may rashly attempt to evade our decree.

Brave general *Stricker* commands our brigade,
This patriot and soldier of old revolution,
Expects every man will afford him his aid
To meet and repulse these mad slaves of delusion;
His commands are to form—says our work will be warm,
And exhorts ev'ry man to prepare for the storm;
Shall we basely submit, my brave soldiers, says he,
Or fly to the standard, there fight to be free?

Brave *Sterett* of yore, with the *Fifth** led the van,
And his cry was, old Bladensburg, boys, now remember,
We have fought them before, we must fight them again;
Our city, my boys, we can never surrender—
March, march, was his cry, haste, forward we fly
Fear not, my brave men, we for freedom can die,
Our forefathers died to enforce this decree,
That we should enjoy both the land and the sea.

The brave *Twenty-Seventh*,† commanded by *Long*—
Long life and long health to our brave old commander,

---

* This regiment was at Bladensburg, and crowned itself with glory.

† This regiment received the enemy's fire with the firmness of veterans. The officers were obliged to compel them by force to leave the ground. Their adjutant, Donaldson, was killed—their first major, Moore, was wounded—captain Edes received several balls through his clothes: many men killed, and some taken prisoners.

His cry was, boys, forward! we'll meet this great don,
By Wellington taught—aye, this great Alexander,
This hero from Spain, this monster of fame;
Sure, *Washington city* records, to his shame;
He has sworn, in our city to-morrow he'll dine,
So, forward! boys, forward! and balk his design.

We march'd for North Point, and encamp'd for the night,
Prepar'd for attack by the light of the morning,
Near hand to Bear Creek we prepar'd for the fight;
The fatigues of the field and the danger still scorning,
As this was the day, great Ross was heard say,
He would dine in our town; he'd no longer delay;
So we formed our line in the old Yankee style,
To wait for this lord from the fast-anchor'd isle.

Our worthy, brave patriot, remember'd shall be,
The statesman, the soldier, our brave *Donaldson*,
His address to our soldiers was, men, we are free,
God will protect us; fear not—we'll fight on.
Our God is our shield, we never can yield
What our forefathers earn'd by their blood in the field.
These slaves of old England repulsed must be,
We must curtail this pride of the royal grandee.

Scarce had he spoke, when express brought the news,
That Ross was in sight, on his foaming steed prancing,
Then part of the Bladensburg heroes were chose *
To wait on his lordship, then boldly advancing,
When lo, their *first* fire brought down great Goliath;
He went down to dine with his aged grandsire;
To dine in our city determin'd was he,
Or else dine in hell,† so there let him be.

---

* Two companies of the Fifth regiment, led by the brave Major Heath, who had two horses shot under him.

† Ross said he would dine in Baltimore on the 12th of September. or in hell. he cared not if it *rained* militia.

Now their columns advance in majestic array,
Threw rockets and shells, with a view to confound us,
Manœuver'd some time, their columns display,
Manœuver'd again, with intent to surround us,
While *Montgomery's* guns, well charg'd by his sons,
Cut lanes through the columns of those haughty dons,
While the sons of brave *Fowler*, of *Sterett*, and *Long*,
Fir'd double quick time, and their powder was strong.

Our twelve hundred freemen, collected by chance,
Were oppos'd to this well chosen band of old Nero's,
Who had long in old Spain fought the armies of France,
And long had been called lord Wellington's heroes.
They sent us by spells, shots, rockets, and shells,
Which sent many brave fellows down to their cells;
So we gave them twelve rounds, it was true Yankee fire,
But being outflank'd, we were forc'd to retire.

But with old commodore we soon rallied again—
On the right, with his jolly brave tars took his station;
On our left general *Winder* manœuver'd his men,
With intent to surround these dread foes of the nation,
Who faintly pursue, took a telescope view,
But, halt, cries old Brock, this manœuvre won't do,
About face, my boys, march, march for the fleet,
E'er this d—d Yankee gen'ral cuts off our retreat.

Sixteen hundred bombs, by old Cockburn's command,
At our fort were discharg'd, by his fam'd sons of plunder,
While unmov'd stood brave *Armistead*, and well-chosen band,
Sending back their full change in red hot Yankee thunder.
'Board the ships that drew nigh, was a dreadful outcry;
'Bout ship was the word: we from danger must fly;

This d—d Yankee powder's too strong, you may see,
For his majesty's ships, so, boys, "helm's a lee."

Hail, sons of Hibernia, who deserve our applause,
Hail, hail, sons of freedom, of each state and nation,
Who flew to our standard, defended our cause,
You merit our thanks, you have our approbation;
May our daughters so fair reward with their care,
All foreigners who to our standard repair,
Defend our freedom, our laws and our land,
You deserve our reward; take our daughters' fair hand.

To conclude, here's a health to our chief-men and Co.
Their judicious plan, was our city's salvation;
To our officers, general, rich, poor, high, or low,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our friends, and our nation,
Now pause—for the slain, who died to maintain
Columbia's rights on the land and the main;
Peace, peace to their shades, to their memory a tear
If their souls may the great God of battles take care.

The Bunch of Rushes.

It was on a summer's morning,
As I walked forth to take the air,
Down by a shady arbor,
Where seldom strangers do appear,
I espied a comely fair maid,
Who I thought was going astray,
With a bunch of rushes in her hand,
Which she had pull'd on the way.

I cast my eyes around me,
To see if the coast was clear or no,
And seeing no one near me,
Straightway to her I then did go;
Says I, my loving fair one,
What are you doing here alone?

I came to pull green rushes,
But now I'm going home.

I clasp'd my arms around her,
And embrac'd her most tenderly,
She modestly rebuk'd me, saying,
Kind sir, you make too free;
Do you mean for to undo me,
Because I look both poor and low,
I beg you for to excuse me,
Pray loose me, sir, and let me go.

I says, my lovely charmer,
To you I mean no injury;
But come and sit beside me,
Beneath yon wide and shady tree,
Where the lofty lark and linnet,
Shall witness our mutual love,
And I shall never deceive you,
By all the powers above.

She then modestly consented,
And on the grass we both sat down,
And for fear of any moisture,
Beneath she spread her new silk gown.
She says, young man, be easy,
Her cheeks were red with blushes, O,
I beg you will not tease me,
Don't touch my bunch of rushes, O.

But now, sir, you are going,
Pray, when shall we meet again,
I answer'd in a few words,
When the clerk shall say, amen;
So make yourself quite easy,
And merry be while I'm away,
And bless the happy hour
You came to pull green rushes, O.

Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt,
O Erin ma vorneen, slan laht go bragh!
Our farm it was small, yet comforts we felt,
O Erin, &c.
At length came the day when our lease did expire,
And fain would I live where before liv'd my sire:
But ah, well-a-day! I was forc'd to retire:
O Erin, &c.

Though all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass,
O Erin, &c.
Aggrandiz'd no great man, and I felt it, alas!
O Erin, &c.
Forc'd from my home, yea, from where I was born,
To range the wide world, poor, hapless, forlorn,
I look back with regret, and my heart-strings are torn:
O Erin, &c.

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,
O Erin, &c.
To my country attach'd, and a friend to reform,
O Erin, &c.
Supported by Ireland, was ready to die for't,
If her foes e'er prevail'd, I was well known to sigh for't;
My faith I preserv'd, but am now forc'd to fly for't:
O Erin, &c.

But hark! I hear sounds, and my heart strong is beating,
Boe yudth ma vorneen Erin go bragh!
Friendship advancing, delusion retreating,
Boe yudth, &c.
We've numbers, and numbers still constitute power,
Let us will to be free, and we're free from that hour,
Of Hibernia's sons then we'll be the flower:
Boe yudth, &c.

In the North I see brethren; too long was I blind, O!
Boe yudth, &c.
The cobwebs are broken, and clear is my mind, O!
Boe yudth, &c.
North and South, here's my hand—East and West, here's my heart, O!
We'll ne'er be divided by any base art, O!
But love one another, and never more part, O
Boe yudth, &c.

Too long have we suffer'd, and too long lamented,
Boe yudth, &c.
By courage undaunted it may be prevented;
Boe yudth, &c.
No more by oppressors will we be affrighted,
But with heart and heart we'll be firmly united,
For, by Erin go bragh! it is thus we'll be righted
Boe yudth, &c.

Giles Scroggin's Ghost.

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
Fol lol de rol de rol de ra!
The fairest wench in all the town,
Fol lol de rol de rol de ra!
He bought a ring with posy true,
"If you loves I as I loves you,

No knife can cut our love in two."
Fol lol de riddle lol de ra!

But scissors cut as well as knives,
Fol lol, &c.
And quite unsartin's all our lives;
Fol lol, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be mar-ri-ed,
Fol lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol lol, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep,
Fol lol, &c.
When standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
And it cried, "I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost!"
Fol lol, &c.

The ghost, it said, all so-lemn-ly,
Fol lol, &c.
"O, Molly, you must go with I,
Fol lol, &c.
All to the grave your love to cool;"
Says she, "I am not dead, you fool!'
Says the ghost, says he, "Vy, that's no rule."
Fol lol, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim,
Fol lol, &c.
All for to go along with him;
Fol lol, &c.
"Come, come!" said he, "ere morning beam;"
"I von't!" said she. and she scream'd a scream;
Then she woke, and found she'd dream'd a dream.
All about fol lol, &c.

The Black Bird.

Upon a fair morning for soft recreation,
I heard a sweet lady, while making her moan,
With sighing, and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Saying, my black bird, most lovely, has flown,
My thoughts do deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
And I'm overwhelm'd with sad misery;
Yet if death should blind me,
As true love inclines me,
My black bird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair England, my black bird did flourish,
He was the chief flow'r that in it did spring
Prime ladies of honor, his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king;
But that false fortune,
Which still is uncertain,
Has caused this parting between him and me
His name I'll advance
In Spain and in France,
And seek out my black bird, wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove
And I am resolv'd, in fair or foul weather,
Once more in the spring, to seek out my love;
He is all my heart's treasure,
My joy and my pleasure,
And justly, my love, my heart follows thee,
Who art constant and kind,
And courageous of mind,
Success to my black bird, wherever he be.

In England, my black bird and I were together,
Where he was still noble and generous of heart,

Ah! wo to the time that I first went thither,
Alas! he was forced soon hence to depart.
In Scotland he is deem'd,
And highly esteem'd,
In England a stranger, he seemeth to be,
Yet his fame shall remain
In France and in Spain,
Happy is the black bird, wherever he be.

What if the fowler my black bird has taken,
Then sighing and sobbing shall be all my tune:
But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope to see him in May or in June,
For him, through the fire,
Through mud and through mire,
I'll go, as I love him to such a degree
He's constant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendship from one that's a stranger,
More than from one that in Britain is born.
Oh! heaven spacious,
Let Britain be cautious,
Some there be, odious to him and to me,
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My black bird with honor, wherever he be.

Brandy, O.

A landlady in France, she lov'd an officer, 'tis said,
And this officer he dearly lov'd her brandy, O:
Sighed she, I love this officer, although his nose is red,
And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, O.

But when the bandy officer was ordered to the coast
How she tore her lovely locks, that look'd so sandy, O;
Adieu, my soul, says she, if you write, pray pay the
post,
But before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, O.

She filled him up a bumper, just before he left the
town,
And another for herself, so neat and handy, O;
So they kept their spirits up, by their pouring spirits
down,
For love is like the cholic, cured with brandy, O

Take a bottle on't, said she, for you're going into camp,
In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy, O
You're right, says he, my life, for a tent is very damp;
And 'tis better with my tent to take some brandy, O

Barbara Allen.

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
And every youth cried well awa';—
Her name was Barbary Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she did dwell in,
Saying, you must come to my master,
If your name be Barbara Allen;
For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealin',
Then haste away to comfort him,
O! lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart be stealin'
Yet little better shall he be,
For bonny Barbara Allen.
So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said, when there she came,
Young man, I think you're dying.

He turn'd his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing,
Oh! pretty maid come pity me,
I'm on my death-bed lying.
If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're tellin',
I cannot keep you from your death;—
Farewell! said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin',
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends, all
Adieu to Barbara Allen.
As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin',
And every stroke did seem to say,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turn'd her body round about,
And spied the corpse a coming,
Lay down, lay down, the corpse, she said,
That I may look upon him.
With scornful eyes she looked down;
Her cheeks with laughter swellin',
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
Unworthy Barbara Allen!

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow,

O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.
Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearly,
O! that I'd been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me.

She on her death-bed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day,
That she did e'er deny him.
Farewell! she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in,
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

The Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom.

As sung by Mr. SLOMAN, at the Bowery Theatre, New-York.

RECITATION.

Sarvant, good folks, I'se com'd here just to tell
My misfort'nate rambles, if things like gang weil;
'Tis soom months now, I think, sin I first got a pleace
My name's Jerry Blossom, you know by my feace.
Ee Yorkshire they tell'd ma, which made my heart glad
Folks e Lunnun were kind to a poor simple lad.
Sae I pack'd up ma claes, top ut coach I were stuck
And I pray'd all the way for a bit of good luck;
But the day I got here, I sal never forget,
For I thou't all the world e Lunnun were met.
Leak which way I would, they com'd just as fast,
Sae I thou't I'd stand still, t' mob were gone past;
I ax'd a good many if ow't were t' matter,
But they push't ma aboot, and said, haud thy fool's clatter.
I'd a brayed yan chap weel wi' ma stick on his nob
But I felt something warm, sliding into ma fob;

'Tware a gentleman's hand, that were dres't nation fine,
He'd mista'en his own pocket, and got into mire.
He made a loo boo, and I made him another,
For manners, I fancied were due to each other,
I thou't I'd just look like, if ou't were to wors,
For my brass it were all in a new leather purse;
When I found it were gone, I thou't I were dead,
Sik a queer sort of dizziness coom'd e ma head.
Had I known his tricks I'd gee him a drilling,
He stole ho'f a crown, and ma Queen Anne's new shilling.
But Lunnun's t' pleace where the devil do reign,
And that must have been him, or I'm sadly mista'en.
I got rarely bang'd up too, how I'll tell if I may,
Or sing, if you please, in my countrified way.

SONG.

Ee the north, while with feyther and mother I dwelt
Neither hunger, nor hardship, nor sorrow I felt;
But they deed, and left poor sister and Jerry,
Now I'se cum'd here, I'se resolved to be merry;
I'll work, and I'll sing, all my money I'll save,
If I please in my pleace, 'tis all that I crave.

As I star'd e the streets, at t' pictures and shops,
A lass ga ma a nation hard bat e the chops:
I seiz'd upon madam, by gom she was fuddled,
She'd a rare bonny face, if it had not been ruddled;
I never before had seen ou't o' this kind,
For they tell'd ma as hoo shoo was bang'd up and prim'd.

As I wandered aboot, hoo t' lasses all stare,
They titter, and whisper, and bloosh I declare,
I stood near to yan that were dres't very natty,
Shoo tell'd ma reet plump, I were devilish pretty.

In making ma boo to this rare bonny lass,
I push't ma head plump through a large pane of glass

I run'd for dear life, till I reach'd master's door,
Pash't it open so quick, sent him smack upat floor,
I knock't down, and master got bang'd by the lasses
Lost first quarter's wages, for breaking o' glasses,
And yet eftre ail that has fell'd to my lot,
I'd be sorry to quit this good pleace that I've got.

Sood poor lattle Jerry again hither stray,
To amuse your spare hours e laftet away,
Your smiles will cheer the blossom you rear,
And gratitude will ever find a place here;
Nae lad e t' world is more willing than I,
To gain your good wishes, I ever will try.

Chit, Chat.

As sung by Mr. Cowell.

Pretty little damsels, how they chat,
Chit, chat, tittle tattle tat,
All abcut their sweethearts, and all that,
Chit, chat, tittle tattle tat.
Up and down the city, how the little damsels walk,
And of the beaux and fashions, how the little damsel talk;
And a little slander, sure, is no balk to their
Chit, chat, tittle tattle tat.

Pretty little damsels go to cheapen in the shops,
Chit, chat, &c.
Pretty little bonnets, and pretty little caps,
And chit, chat, &c.
A little bit of rouge, and a pretty little fan,
And a pretty little miniature of a pretty little man,
Or any other pretty little thing of which they can,
Chit, chat, &c

'etty little damsels, go to feast their eyes,
Chit, chat, &c.
ıt the splendid panorama cannot suffice.
Chit, chat, &c.
heir pretty parasols, to keep their faces cool,
nd their pretty little veils, under which they play the fool,
nd upon their pretty arm, their pretty reticule,
All for chit, chat, &c.

'etty little damsels, how prettily they run,
Chit, chat, &c.
or a little bit of flattery, and a little bit of fun
Chit, chat, &c.
he pretty little nose, and the pretty little chin,
he pretty little mouth with a pretty little grin,
he pretty little tongue to keep admirers in
Chit, chat, &c.

retty little damsels, when they're wed,
Hum, dum, diddle diddle dum,
heir pretty little foibles, all are fled;
Hum, dum, &c.
heir pretty little airs, so bewitchingly wild,
vaporate so prettily, and leave them so mild,
hen, all their tittle tattle's, about the little child,
Hum, dum, &c.

Chit Chat—for the Gentlemen.

As sung by Mr. Cowell.

he satiric song of Chit Chat, I mean now to reverse,
Chit, chat, &c.
nd offer this to you, for better or for worse,
Chit, chat, &c.
Whoever's my opponent, retaliation's due,
nd all the ladies' foibles I have pointed out to view,

So, now my pretty gemmen, I'll have a touch at you
Chit, chat, &c.

Their pretty little brutus, comb'd up so neat and spruce
Chit, chat, &c.
Their pretty little snuff-boxes, they often introduce,
Chit, chat, &c.
With dashing boots and spurs on, a natty whip beside
A stranger would of course suppose they meant to
take a ride,
But the deuce of any horse have they whereon to
get astride,
Chit, chat, &c.

Their collars and cravats, which cover all their chin
Chit, chat, &c.
And every foppish means devise, the ladies' hearts to
win,
Chit, chat, &c.
Their coats are lin'd with sarcenet, to cut a flaming
dash,
All other sorts of lining, they consider merely trash
Though a very few have their pockets lin'd with cash
Chit, chat, &c.

Not all those flaming blades, *bon ton* now completely
dress'd,
Chit, chat, &c.
Without a pretty quizzing glass, suspended from
their breast,
Chit, chat, &c.
A dashing gold watch-chain, to constitute the beau,
A pretty little bunch of seals *en suite*, to make a
glaring show,
Though probably no watch at all, or one that will
not go,
Chit, chat, &c.

Their pretty little fingers, too, bedizzen'd out with rings,
Chit, chat, &c
Almost up to their shoulders, are their small-clothes fix'd with strings,
Chit, chat, &c.
Their boots with military heels, and boot-tops nearly white,
At dances, fights, and races, they place their whole delight,
And with gaming, and with rioting they turn the day to night,
Chit, chat, &c.

These pretty dashing gentlemen, when they have lost their all,
Hum, dum, &c.
Their credit's gone—too late they find, their pride must have a fall,
Hum, dum, &c.
Perhaps a tender, loving wife, and pretty children dear,
Reflection strikes that poverty's approaching very near,
With a pretty little popgun, they end their life's career,
Hum, dum, &c.

The Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing;
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh!

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger.
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me:
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the swee
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Oh, where is the cottage that stood by the wild wood
Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall?
O where is my mother that watch'd o'er my childhood
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,
Oh why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?—
Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh, hard cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me,
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin ma vorneen, Erin go Bragh!

Gramachree.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd one evening in
May,
The little birds in blithest notes, made vocal ev'ry spray;
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them
o'er and o'er,
A Gramachree ma Colleinouge ma Molly Ashtore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets the dawn of nature
yields,
The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scatter'd o'er
the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel
Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart that wears her
in its core?
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,—ah! why did I
believe,
Yet who could think such tender words were meant
but to deceive;
That love was all I ask'd on earth;—nay, heaven
could give no more.
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me, the numerous herds that yon green
pasture fill,
With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy
store.
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, sat courting on a
bough,
I envied not their happiness, to see them bill and coo
Such fondness once for me she show'd;—but now
alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Then, fare thee well! my Molly dear; thy loss I e'er
shall mourn,
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for
thee alone;
Though thou art false, may heaven on thee its
choicest blessings pour.
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Glenara.

Oh! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire and the people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud,
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud,
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around,
They marched in silence, they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak tree look'd lonely and hoar;
Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn;
Why speak ye no words? said Glenara, the stern.

And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?
So spake the rude chieftain, no answer is made.
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd

I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud,
And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem!
Glenara, Glenara, now read me my dream.

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the coffin unclos'd, and no lady was seen,
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke loudly in scorn,
'Twas a youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn.

I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem!
Glenara, Glenara, now read me my dream.

In dust low the traitor had knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found,
From a rock of the ocean, that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

The Irishman.

The savage loves his native shore,
  Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,
Then well may Erin's sons adore
  Their isle which nature formed so fair
What flood reflects a show so sweet,
  As Shannon's great or pastoral band,
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
  So gen'rous as an Irishman?

Tho' his hand be rash, his heart is warm,
  And principle is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm,
  None more forgives with nobler pride;
He may be dup'd, but won't be dar'd;
  But fit to practise and to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
  And spends it like an Irishman

If poor in weal, he'll for you pay,
And guide you where you safe may be;
If you're his comrade, whilst you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee;
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in wo or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do,
Try him with gold, it won't prevail,
But e'en in fire you'll find him true;
He seeks not safety—let his post
Be where there's aught in danger's van;
Or if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin's lov'd land, from age to age,
Be thou more great, more fam'd and free,
May peace be yours, or should you wage
Defensive wars, cheap victory;
May plenty flow in every field,
And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
May cheerful smiles serenely glide,
In the breast of every Irishman.

Johnny Bull, my jo.

Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
Are you on foreign conquest bent, or what ambitious scheme?
Ah! list to Brother Jonathan, your fruitless plans forego,
Remain on your fast-anchored Isle, Oh Johnny Bull,

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, don't come across the main,
Our fathers bled and suffer'd, John, our freedom to maintain;
And he who in the cradle, John, repell'd the ruthless foe,
Provoke not when to manhood grown, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, you've proud and haughty grown,
The ocean is a highway, which you falsely call your own;
And Columbia's sons are valiant, John, nor fear to face the foe,
And never yield to equal force, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, your Peacocks keep at home,
And ne'er let British seamen in a Frolic hither come;
For we've Hornets and we've Wasps, who, as you doubtless know,
Carry stingers in their tails, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo.

When I name our naval heroes, John, Oh hear Old England's groans:
There's Bainbridge, Porter, Blakely, Decatur, Hull, and Jones;
And while for gallant Lawrence our grateful tears shall flow,
We never will "give up the ship," Oh Johnny Bull, my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, on Erie's distant shore,
See how the battle rages, and loud the cannons roar;
But Perry taught our seamen to crush the assailing foe,
He met and made them ours, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, behold on Lake
Champlain,
With more than equal force, John, you tried your fis
again;
But the cock saw how it was going, and cried "cock
a doodle doo,"
And McDonough was victorious, Oh Johnny Bull
my jo.

Your soldiers on the land, John, on that eventful day
Mark'd the issue of the conflict, and then they ran
away;
And Macomb would have Burgoyn'd, John, your
governor Provost,
But ah, he was too nimble, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, in night attacks and day
We drove you from fort Erie, flogg'd you at Chip-
pewa.
There's Porter, Brown, and Ripely, Scott and Gaines
to face the foe,
And they use the bayonet freely, Oh Johnny Bull
my jo.

What though at Washington, a base marauding
band,
Our monuments of art, John, destroy'd with ruth-
less hand,
Oh it was a savage warfare, John, beneath a gene-
rous foe,
And brings the most disgrace on you, Oh Johnny
Bull, my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, don't send your
Cochranes o'er,
Few places are assailable, on this, our native shore;

And we'll leave our home and friends, John, and
crush the reptile foe,
That dare pollute our natal soil, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, when all your
schemes had fail'd,
To wipe away the stigma, John, for New Orleans
you sail'd;
But heavier woes await thee, John, for Jackson meets
the foe,
Whose name and fame's immortal, Oh Johnny Bull,
my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, your Packenham's
no more;
The blood of your invincibles crimson our native
shore;
No Hampton scenes are here, John, to greet a savage foe,
Nor booty, no, nor beauty, Oh Johnny Bull, my jo.

Oh Johnny Bull, my jo, John, your heroes keep at
home,
In high spirits they come hither, but they're carried
back in rum.
You say your sons are valiant;—I grant they may
be so,
But more valiant are our Yankee boys, Oh Johnny
Bull, my jo.

Your schemes to gather laurels here, I guess were
badly plann'd;
We have whipp'd you on the ocean, John, we've
bother'd you on land;
Then hie thee to Old England, John, thy fruitless
plans forego;
And stay at thy fast-anchored Isle, Oh Johnny Bull,
my jo.

Love was once a little Boy.

As sung by Miss C. Fisher.

Love was once a little boy, heigh-ho, heigh-ho;
Then with him 'twas sweet to toy, heigh-ho, heigh-ho
He was then so innocent
Not as now on mischief bent,
Free he came, and harmless went,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.

Love is now a little man, heigh-ho, heigh-ho;
And a very saucy one, heigh-ho, heigh-ho;
He walks so stiff, and looks so smart,
As if he own'd each maiden's heart;
I wish he felt his own keen dart,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.

Love will soon be growing old, heigh-ho, heigh-ho
Half his life's already told, heigh-ho, heigh-ho;
When he's dead, and buried too,
What shall we poor maidens do?
I'm sure I cannot tell, can you?
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.

Loss of the Albion.

Come all you jolly sailors bold, and listen unto me
A dreadful story I will tell, that happened at sea;
The loss of the Albion ship, my boys, upon the Irish
coast,
And most of the passengers and crew were com
pletely lost.

It was on the first of April, from New York we
set sail,
Kind Neptune did protect us with a sweet and
pleasant gale,

Until about the twentieth, a storm there did arise,
The raging billows loud did roar, and dismal were
the skies

It was on Sunday afternoon the land we did espy;
At two o'clock we made Cape Clear, the sea ran
mountains high;
The southward wind began to blow, and heavy
squalls came on,
Which made our passengers to weep, and sailors for
to moan.

All prudent sail we carried, to keep us clear from land,
Expecting every moment that our vessel she would
strand:
Our foretopsail was split, my boys, and foreyard took
away,
Our mainmast by the deck was broke, and mizen
swept away.

Our captain was wash'd overboard, into the boundless
deep,
Which caused all that were on board, for to lament
and weep;
Unto the pumps we lash'd ourselves, most dreadful
for to know,
And many a gallant soul, my boys, they overboard
did go.

We had a lady fair on board, Miss Powell was her
name,
Whose name deserves to be engrav'd upon the list
of fame;
She wish'd to take her turn at pump, her precious
life to save,
No sooner was her wish denied, she met a watery
grave.

All night in this condition we were tossing to and fr
At three o'clock in the morning we were in th
midst of wo;
Full twenty-seven men on deck, with each a broke
heart, [did part
The Albion struck against a rock, and midships sh

Our passengers were twenty-nine, when from Ne
York she came,
When twenty-five bold sailor lads, as ever cross'
the main;
Full fifty-four we had on board, when first we di
set sail, [tal
And only nine escap'd the wreck, to tell the dreadfu

So now that noble vessel, the Albion, she is lost,
Though the tempestuous ocean, she so oftentime
had cross'd;
Our noble captain he is lost; a man, a sailor bold,
And many a gallant life is lost, and many a hea
made cold.

The Mail-Coach.

As sung by Mr. MATTHEWS.

Come, listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day;
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
Get a snack before we go;
Bring me a leg of mutton—
I'm hungry as a glutton—
Some gravy soup—Hollo.

(*Spoken.*) Why, waiter. Coming, sir.—Where is my gravy soup? Just took off the gridiron. Make haste; I shall lose my place. I hope your honor will remember the poor ostler. Are the beefsteaks ready? No, sir, but your chops are. What a concourse of people are going in these coaches. All fast behind, Hip? [*Imitates guard's horn.*]

Then, 'tis away we rattle,
Jelly dogs and stylish cattle;
Crack whip, and dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches,
On every side approaches,
What work for man and beast:
We must have a little drop, sir,
Then we'll gallop till we stop, sir;
And afterwards make haste.
I mount, the whip I crack now,
All bustle—what a pack now
On every side approach:
Now making sad grimaces,
All for the want of places,
They cry, I've lost the coach!

(*Spoken.*) How's this? I'm sure my name was booked. No such thing, ma'am. A lady and a parrot in a cage—that fare can't go inside—one parrot's enough at a time. No room for two ladies? None at all for females: this is a mail coach. Set me down at the butcher's shop; I should not like to be seen getting out of a coach. Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy; you'll catch cold.—Yes, good bye, grandpapa; give my love to grandmama. Hip.—[*Imitates the horn.*]

Then, 'tis away we rattle, &c.

Four in hand from Piccadilly,
Snugly seated in the dilly,
Away we scamper all;
What merry wags and railers,
What jolly dogs and sailors,
Begin to sing and bawl.
From every place we start, sir,
Some company depart, sir,
And others come, no doubt;
For plenty there's of room now,
And any one may come now,
Four insides and one out.

(*Spoken.*) Are my boxes all safe? You have p my trunk in a wrong coach. Never fear, ma'am, shall overtake it. What a figure you cut in th Welsh wig. Hold your tongue, sirrah, you've 'wo me out of a comfortable nap. Keep the windo shut; I have got a cold and stiff neck—my little g isn't well. Keep your feet in—you've got your l between mine; I don't mind it, if the gentlemen don Hip. [*Imitates the horn.*]

Then 'tis away we rattle, &c.

My eye and Betty Martin.

As sung by Mr. SLOMAN, at the New-York Theat

In Yorkshire I wur born and bred,
And knows a thing or two, sir,
Nay, what be more, my father said,
My wit would bring me through, sir.
At single stick or kiss the maids,
I wur the boy vor sartin,
Zays I, push on, to be afraid's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

At whoam, I'd often heard folks talk
Of Lunnun's famous city,
And that the stones on which they walk,
Wur pav'd with gold so pretty,
To mam and dad I gave a buss,
Says I, I'm off vor sartin,
So about my trip to make a fuss,
Is my eye and Betty Martin.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

At inn arrived, I met a man,
Who offered me his sarvice,
To take my baggage wur his plan,
And help me to a jarvis;
But stop, says I, this wunna do,
Your rigs I'ze known, vor sartin,
Your kindness, friend, 'tween me and you's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

A lady next, a flashy dame,
I in the Strand did meet, sir;
Who said as how it were a shame,
That I should walk the street, sir;
She talk'd of love, and sarvents, too,
And thought her prey right sartin,
But noa, says I, to go with you's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

I'ze seen the lions and the tower,
The circus, Astley's, too, sir;
The play, and giants strike the hour,
And all that's strange to view, sir.
So back to whoam I'll turn again,
And marry Doll vor sartin,
I'ze please her so, that to complain's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri tol de rol, &c.

New Major Longbow.

My name is Major Longbow,
A wonder sure am I, sir;
Iv'e liv'd on earth two hundred years,
And never mean to die, sir;
For I'm so strong, just six feet long,
In my pockets lots of *bustle*,
Whene'er I mill, I'm sure to kill,
So wond'rous is my muscle.
Tol de rol, &c.

A gent. one day, says he to me,
"In a balloon will you go up, sir?"
Says I, Oh! no; for I have walk'd
Ten times as high, to sup, sir.
On a mountain, stands a fountain,
Where roast beef and pudding grew, sir,
I went up twice—cut many a slice
Upon my life it's true, sir.
Tol de rol, &c.

While on this mountain's top I sat,
I heard the bellman brawl, sir,
"Good friends I pray, list, list I say;
To night's the Governor's ball," sir.
So, off I set, all in a fret—
For dancing's my delight, sir—
'Twas three hundred miles, o'er ditches, stile
But I was there at night, sir,
Tol de rol, &c.

My skin's not penetrable, which
Perhaps you'll think a crammer,
But once, a man from the monument,
On me let fall a hammer;
It bounded back, and in a crack
It mounted in the air, sir.

And the next day, the *papers* say,
Came down near Greenwich fair, sir.
Tol de rol, &c.

Again, I once a duel fought,
The ball it struck my snuffle, O,
But, bounding back three hundred yards,
It kill'd a good sized buffalo.
I once did lay, that I could stay
Any vessel in the ocean;
So, with a cable,—it's no fable—
Stopp'd a steam-boat in full motion.
Tol de rol, &c.

Now, I've not told you half I've done,
For fear I should you tire,
And if I was to tell you more,
Some here might call me liar!
As that's the case, with wond'rous grace,
I make my bow to you, sir;
I must away—but this I say,
I've told nought but what is true, sir!
Tol de rol, &c.

O! say not Woman's Love is bought.

O! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
O! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows
She loves, and loves for ever.

O! say not woman's false as fair;
That like the bee she ranges.

Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah! no; the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves for ever.

Polly Hopkins and Tommy Tompkins.

Tommy. Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, how d'ye do
Polly. None the better, Tommy Tompkins, for see-
ing you.
T. I'm a man of wealth.
P. Be quiet, pray.
T. Take all my pelf.
P. Pray get away.
T. O! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to treat me so.
P. O! cruel, cruel Tommy Tompkins, to teaze me so

T. When we're married, Polly Hopkins, which w
will be. [thee
P. I hope the next day, Tommy Tompkins, to bur
T. I'll handsome grow.
P That I deny.
T. Though ugly now.
P. Worse by and by.
T. O! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to treat me so.
P. O! cruel, cruel Tommy Tompkins, to teaze me s

T. When I am dead, Polly Hopkins, remember m
P. With all my heart, Tommy Tompkins, so let it b
T. Then you'll fret and cry.
P. Ah! to be sure,
T. To think that I,
P. Died not before.
T O! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to treat me so.
P O! cruel, cruel Tommy Tompkins, to teaze me s

The 'Prentice Boy.

As down in cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk,
I heard two loyal lovers most sweetly for to talk:
It was a brisk young lady, and her 'prentice boy,
And in private they were courting, for he was all her joy.

He said, dear honor'd lady, I am your 'prentice boy,
How ever can I think a fair lady to enjoy;
His cheeks as red as roses, his humor kind and free,
She said, dear youth, if e'er I wed, I'll surely marry thee.

But when her parents came this for to understand,
They did this young man banish to some foreign land,
While she lay broken-hearted, lamenting she did cry,
For my honest, charming 'prentice, a maid I'll live and die.

This young man to a merchant a waiting-man was bound,
And by his good behavior great fortune there he found;
He soon became his butler, which prompted him to fame,
And for his careful conduct the steward he became.

For a ticket in a lottery his money he put down,
And there he gain'd a prize of twenty thousand pound;
With store of gold and silver, he pack'd up his clothes, indeed,
And to England return'd, to his true love with speed.

He offered kind embraces, but she flew from his arms,
No lord, duke, or nobleman, shall e'er enjoy my charms;
The love of gold is cursed, great riches I decry,
For my honest, charming 'prentice, a maid I'll live and die.

He said, dear honor'd lady, I have been in your arms,
This is the ring you gave me for toying in your charms,
You vow'd if e'er you married, your love I should enjoy,
Your father did me banish, I was your 'prentice boy

When she beheld his features, she flew into his arms,
With kisses out of measure, she did enjoy his charms,
Then so through Cupid's garden, a road to church they found,
And there in virtuous pleasure in hymen's bands were bound.

William Reily's Courtship.

'Twas on a pleasant morning, all in the bloom of spring,
When as the cheerful songsters in concert sweet did sing,
The primrose and the daisy bespangled every lawn,
In an arbor, I espied my dear Coolen Bawn.

I stood awhile amazed, quite struck with surprise,
On her with rapture gazed, while from her bright eyes
She shot such killing glances, my heart away was drawn,
She ravish'd all my senses, my fair Coolen Bawn.

I tremblingly addressed her, hail, matchless fair maid,
You have with grief oppress'd me, and I am much afraid,
Except you cure my anguish, which now is in its dawn,
You'll cause my sad overthrow, my sweet Coolen Bawn.

Then with a gentle smile she replied unto me,
I cannot tyrannize, dear Willie, over thee;
My father he is wealthy, and gives severe command,
If you but gain his favor, I'll be your Coolen Bawn.

In raptures I embraced her, we swore eternal love,
And nought should separate us, except the power above:
I hired with her father, and left my friends and land,
That with pleasure I might gaze on my fair Coolen Bawn.

I served him a twelvemonth, right faithfully and just,
Although not used to labor, was true to my trust;
I valued not my wages, I would not it demand,
For I could live for ages with my Coolen Bawn.

One morning, as her father and I walked out alone,
I asked him for his daughter, saying, sir, it is well known,
I have a well-stock'd farm, five hundred pounds in hand,
Which I'll share with your daughter, my fair Coolen Bawn.

Her father, full of anger, most scornfully did frown,
Saying, here are your wages, now, sir, depart the town;
Increasing still his anger, he bid me quick begone,
For none but a rich squire shall wed my Coolen Bawn.

I went unto his daughter, and told her my sad tale,
Oppress'd with grief and anguish, we both did weep and wail:
She said, my dearest Reily, the thought I can't withstand,
That in sorrow you should leave me, your dear Coolen Bawn.

A horse I did get ready, in the silent night,
Having no other remedy, we quickly took our flight
The horse he chanc'd to stumble, and threw both along,
Confused, and sorely bruised, me and my dear Coolen Bawn.

Again we quickly mounted, and swiftly rode away,
O'er hills and lofty mountains, we travel'd night and day.
Her father quick pursu'd us with his well chosen band,
And I was overtaken, with my fair Coolen Bawn.

Committed straight to prison, there to lament and wail,
And utter my complaints to a dark and dismal jail,
Loaded with heavy irons, till my trial shall come on;
But I'll bear their utmost malice, for my dear Coolen Bawn.

If it should please kind fortune once more to set me free,
For well I know my charmer is constant unto me,
Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and scorn,
I hope to wed my heart's delight, my dear Coolen Bawn.

Reily's Trial.

Come, rise up, William Reily, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you, and leave this country;
I'll forsake my father's dwelling, his houses and rich land,
And go along with you, love, your dear Coolen Bawn.

Over hills and lofty mountains, along the lonesome dales,
Through shady groves and fountains, rich meadows and sweet vales;
We climb'd the rugged woods, and rid o'er silent lawn,
But I was overtaken with my dear Coolen Bawn.

They hurried me to prison, my hands and feet they bound,
Confin'd me like a murderer, with chains unto the ground;
But this hard, cruel treatment most cheerfully I'll stand,
Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer for my dearest Coolen Bawn.

In came the jailor's son, and to Reily he did say,
Rise up, unhappy Reily, you must appear to-day,
Proud Squire Falliard's anger and power to withstand,
I fear you'll suffer sorely for your dear Coolen Bawn.

This is the news, young Reily, last night I heard of thee:
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you free.
If that is true, said Reily, some hopes begin to dawn,
For I never can be injured by my dear Coolen Bawn

The lady she is sensible, and her tender youth,
If Reily has deluded her, she will declare the truth;
Then, like a spotless angel, before them she did stand,
You are welcome here, said Reily, my dear Coolen Bawn.

Next spoke the noble Fox, who stood attentive by,
Gentlemen of the jury, for justice we reply;
To hang a man for love, is foul murder, you may see,
So, save the life of Reily, and banish'd let him be.

Then spoke the lovely lady, with tears in her eyes,
The fault is not sweet Reily's, on me alone it lies;
I made him leave his home, sirs, and go along with me,
I love him to distraction, such is my destiny.

The noble lord replied, we may let the prisoner go,
The lady hath quite clear'd him, the jury well doth know.

She has releas'd young Reily, the bill ıust be with-
drawn,
Then set at large the lover of the fair (oolen Bawn.

But stop, my lord, he stole her brigl jewels and
nice rings,
Gold watch, and diamond buckles, with ıny costly
things;
I gave them to my daughter—they co: thousand
pound,
When Reily was first taken, those thi. with him
were found.

She said, my lord, I gave them in token (rue love
He never stole my jewels, I swear by all a love;
If you have got them, Reily, pray send them home
to me;
I will, my generous lady, with my thanks, said he.

There is a ring amongst them, I wish for you to wear,
'Tis set with costly diamonds, and plaited with my hair;
As a token of true friendship, wear it on your right
hand,
Think of my broken heart, love, when in a foreign
land.

Reily's answer, releasement, and marriage with Coolen Bawn.

You tender-hearted lovers, attend unto my theme,
The hardships of young Reily I mean now to explain,
Who, for stealing of an heiress, before the court did
stand,
Order'd for transportation into a foreign land.

The daughter of Squire Falliard this lady prov'd to be,
As blooming as an angel, and born of high degree·

For her, young William Reily both night and day
doth wail,
Loaded with heavy irons, confined in Sligo jail.

Like some poor malefactor, transported he must be;
The lady cries, dear Reily, your face I ne'er shall see;
Cruel-hearted father, thou art the only one
That banish'd William Reily from his dear Coolen
Bawn.

Her father, in a passion, unto the lady said,
For your foul disobedience, you shall be convey'd
Unto a lonesome chamber, there to repent the deed,
Twelve months on bread and water you shall be
forc'd to feed.

Then unto a dark chamber his daughter he did hie,
With nothing but coarse blankets and straw, where
on to lie;
She cried, dear William Reily, 'tis for my sake alone,
That you with grief and sorrow in Sligo jail doth
moan.

Three nights this lovely lady in grief and sorrow spent,
Till overcome with anguish, she quite distracted went;
She wrung her hands and tore her hair, crying, my
only dear,
My cruel-hearted father has used you most severe.

Unto a private mad-house they hurried her away,
Where she was heard each morning for to weep and
pray;
Her chains loud she'd rattle, and then she'd cry and rave,
For me, poor William Reily is treated like a slave.

Alas! dear William Reily, if I once more could see,
From my hard father's anger I'd try to set him free;

I'd infold him in my arms, from him I ne'er woul
part;
Although I'm here confin'd, young Reily has my hear

Now we will leave this fair one, in sorrow for to wai
And speak of William Reily, confin'd in Sligo jail,
Who, with twenty other criminals, to Dublin march'
away,
To enter on board a transport, bound straight t
Botany Bay.

When in Dublin they arriv'd, they were convey'
to jail,
Until the transport ship should be ready for to sail.
Poor Reily cried, Squire Falliard, cruel-hearted mar
In bedlam lies your daughter, my fair Coolen Bawn

But fortune to poor Reily happen'd to prove kind,
For while he lay in irons, a thought came in his mind
A petition from the prison he to the castle sent,
Unto the lord lieutenant, whose heart it did relent.

The noble lord lieutenant did to the prison haste,
And there young William Reily he speedily releas'd
With him into bedlam straightway he went anon,
Likewise releas'd his jewel, the fair Coolen Bawn.

As soon as the lady her true love did behold,
She in her snowy arms young Reily did infold,
Her senses quick revived—they for a parson sent,
Who married this young couple to their hearts' content

A license from the primate was got immediately,
And constant William Reily was wed to his lady:
A feast was then prepar'd, which lasted four days long
Success attend young Reily and his fair Coolen Bawn

Soon as her father heard it, his heart it did relent;
He cried, for my offences, I sorely do repent;
No mortal, sure, can hinder what heaven doth decree,
And then straight off for Dublin he rode immediately.

Soon as he into Dublin, to the young couple came,
He said, my dearest children, I have been much to blame,
But now you shall live happy with me in Sligo town,
A fortune I will give you of thirty thousand pound.

And, as it is God's will that I have no child but thee,
I beg it as a blessing that you will live with me;
And, at my death, you shall possess my houses and free land:
My blessings on you, Reily, and your dear Coolen Bawn.

Rinordine.

One evening as I rambled two miles below Pomroy,
I met a farmer's daughter, all on the mountains high;
I said, my pretty fair maiden, your beauty shines most clear,
And upon these lonely mountains, I'm glad to meet you here.

She said, young man, be civil, my company forsake,
For to my great opinion, I fear you are a rake;
And if my parents should know, my life they would destroy,
For keeping of your company, all on the mountains high.

I said, my dear, I am no rake, but brought up in Venus' train,
And looking out for concealments, all in the judge's name;

Your beauty has ensnared me, I cannot pass you
And with my gun I'll guard you, all on the mo
tains high.

This pretty little thing, she fell into amaze,
With her eyes as bright as amber, upon me she
gaze;
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips, they lost their
mer dye,
And then she fell into my arms, all on the mounta
high.

I had but kissed her once or twice, till she came
again;
She modestly then asked me, pray, sir, what is y
name?
If you go to yonder forest, my castle you will find
Wrote in ancient history; my name is Rinordine.

I said, my pretty fair maiden, don't let your pare
know,
For if you do, they'll prove my ruin, and fatal ov
throw;
But when you come to look for me, perhaps you
not me find,
But I'll be in my castle; and call for Rinordine.

Come, all ye pretty fair maidens, a warning take
me,
And be sure you quit night walking, and shun b
company;
For if you don't, you'll surely rue until the day you d
And beware of meeting Rinor, all on the mountai
high.

Sinclair's Defeat.

ovember the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,
'e had a sore engagement, near to fort Jefferson;
nclair was our commander, which may remembered
be,
r there we left nine hundred men, in the Western
Territory.

Bunker's Hill and Quebec, where many a hero fell
kewise at Long Island, 'tis I the truth can tell.
' such a dreadful carnage, never did I see,
happen'd on the plains, near the River St. Marie.

r militia were attacked, just as the day did break,
d soon were overpowered, and forced to retreat.
ey killed major Ouldham, Levin, and Briggs likewise,
hile horrid yells of savages, resounded thro' the skies.

jor Butler was wounded the very second fire;
s manly bosom swelled with rage, when forced to retire.
ke one distracted he appeared, when thus exclaimed he,
hounds of hell shall all be slain, but what reveng'd I'll be.

e had not long been broke, when general Butler fell;
cries, my boys, I'm wounded, pray take me off the field,
God, says he, what shall we do, we're wounded ev'ry man;
, charge, you valiant heroes, and beat them if you can.

He leaned his back against a tree, and there resig
his breath,
And like a valiant soldier, sunk in the arms of deat
When blessed angels did await, his spirit to conve
And unto the celestial fields, he quickly bent his w

We charged again, we took our ground, which
our hearts elate.
There we did not tarry long, they soon made
retreat:
They killed major Ferguson, which caused his n
to cry;
Stand to your guns, says valiant Ford. we'll fi
until we die.

Our cannon balls exhausted, our artillery-men all sla
Our musketrymen and riflemen, their fire did susta
Three hours more we fought like men, and they w
forced to yield,
While three hundred bloody warriors lay stretc
upon the field.

Says colonel Gibson to his men, my boys, be
dismayed,
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afra
Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die, than they sho
gain the field,
With that he got a fatal shot, which caused him
yield.

Says major Clark, my heroes, I can no longer sta
We will strive to form in order, and retreat the b
we can.
The word retreat being passed all round, they rai
a hue and cry,
And helter skelter through the woods, like lost sh
we did fly.

e left the wounded on the field, O heavens, what
a shock!
ne of their thighs were shattered, some of their
limbs were broke;
th scalping knives and tomahawks, soon eased
them of their breath,
th fiery flames of torment, soon tortured them to
death.

w, to mention of our brave officers, 'tis what I
wish to do,
son of Mars e'er fought more brave, or with such
courage true;
captain Bradford I belonged, in his artillery,
no fell that day amongst the slain;—what a gal-
lant man was he!

You Parliament of England.

u parliament of England, you *lords* and *commons*
too,
nsider well what you're about, and what you mean
to do;
u're now at war with Yankees—I'm sure you'll
rue the day,
u roused the sons of liberty, in North America.

u first confin'd our commerce, you said our ships
shan't trade,
u then impress'd our seamen, and us'd them as
your slaves,
u then insulted Rogers, while cruising on the main,
d had we not declared war, you'd done it o'er again.

u thought our frigates were but few, and Yankees
could not fight,
til bold Hull the Guerriere took, and banish'd her
from sight;

The Wasp next took your Frolic, you nothing sa
to that,
The Poictiers being off the coast, of course you to
her back.

Next, your Macedonian, no finer ship could swim,
Decatur took her *gilt work* off, and then he took her i
The Java by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all mu
know,
The Peacock fine, in all her pride, by Lawrence dow
did go.

Then you sent your Boxer, to beat us all about,
But we had an *Enterprising* brig, that beat t
Boxer out;
Then *box'd* her up to Portland, and moor'd her
the town,
To show the sons of liberty the Boxer of renown.

Then upon lake Erie, brave Perry had some fun,
You own he beat your naval force, and caused the
to run;
While Chauncey on Ontario, the like ne'er know
before,
A British squadron beat complete; some took, so
ran ashore.

Then your "*Brave Indian Allies*," you styl'd the
by that name,
Until they turn'd the tomahawk, then "*Savages*
became;
Your mean insinuations they despised from th
souls,
And join'd the sons of liberty, that scorn'd to be co
troll'd.

ow remember, you Briton, far distant is the day,
hat all you gain'd by British force, you lost in America;
tell your king and parliament, by all the world its known,
hat British force by sea and land by Yankees is o'erthrown.

e ev'ry endeavor to try to cause a peace,
r Yankee ships are building fast, their navy to increase;
ey will enforce their commerce; their laws by heaven were made,
at Yankee ships, in time of peace, to any port might trade.

ant us free trade and commerce; don't impress our men,
ve up all claims to Canada, then we'll make peace again;
en, England, we'll respect you, and treat you as a friend;
spect our flag and citizens, then all these wars will end.

r Rogers, in the President, will burn, sink, and destroy,
e Congress, on the Brazil coast, your commerce will annoy,
e Essex on the South Sea, will put out all your lights,
e flag she wears at her mast head, "*Free Trade and Sailors' Rights ! ! !*"

The Willow.

O take me to your arms, my love, for keen the wi
doth blow;
O take me to thy arms, my love, for bitter is my w
She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she list
me,
And here I lie in misery, beneath the willow tree.
Willow, willow, willow, beneath the willow tre

My love has wealth and beauty, the rich attend h
door;
My love has wealth and beauty, and I, alas! am poo
The ribbon fair, that bound her hair, is all that's left
me,
While here I lie in misery, beneath the willow tre
Willow, &c.

I once had gold and silver, I thought them without en
I once had gold and silver, and I thought I had
friend;
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my love he st
from me,
And here I lie in misery, beneath the willow tree.
Willow, &c.

Dorothy Dump.

As sung by Mr. W. S. Forrest.

There was *Dorothy Dump*, would mutter and mum
And cry, "my dear *Walter*, heigho;"
But no step she could take, could my constancy shal
For she had a *timber toe*.

There was *Rebecca Rose*, with her aquiline nose,
Who cried, "for you, Walter, I die;"
But I laughed at each glance she threw at me askan
For she had a *gimblet eye*.

There was *Tabitha Twist*, had a mind to be kiss'd,
And made on my heart an attack;
But her love I derided, for she was *lop sided*,
And cursedly *warp'd in the back!*

There was *Barbara Brian*, who was always crying,
"Dear youth, put an end to my woes;"
But to save in her head, all the tears that she shed,
Nature gave her a *bottle nose.*

Josephine came at last, to *nail* my head fast,
Firm as oak will I prove to my dear,
And when *Parson Tether*, has tack'd us together,
Some chips of the block may appear.

Hickory Twigs.

TUNE—"Sprig of Shelalah.

Oh! glory's the soul of a true Jackson man,
He'll fight for his country, wherever he can,
With his hickory twigs, and the laurels so green;
His heart for his love, for his country his arm,
With a true mettled courage, and passion as warm,
He'll fight, and he'll love, to his colors he'll stand,
Till he's touch'd up the knaves with a taste of his brand,
Made of hickory twigs, and the laurel so green.

Oh, had you but been at New-Orleans, the day
When the Jackson men stood in the battle array,
With hickory twigs, and the laurel so green,
Each a gay cap, and a plume waving over his head,
His shoulder-knot bright as the honor that led
To the field, where the wrongs of his country had wrung
His proud soul, and to vengeance too justly had stung:
With their hickory twigs, and their laurels so green.

When the battle was ended, as homeward he speeds,
His heart full of pride at the glorious deeds
Of the hickory twigs, and the laurels so green,
He meets with his sweetheart, and shows her the ring,
Whispers, beauty and booty, and that sort of thing;
And just a twelvemonth from the eighth, on that day,
He will tell his young wife of the glorious fray
Of the hickory twigs, and the laurels so green.

Long life to the land that gave Jackson his birth,
Proud land of the laurels, be fertile the earth
Where the hickory blooms, and the laurel so green.
May the blood-thirsty savage, and Europe's plum'd
slave,
Remember the arm that could conquer and save:
They have had enough cause to remember the day
When they met Jackson men in their battle array,
With their hickory twigs, and their laurels so
green.

The Peasant Boy.

Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and
roam,
Bereft of his parents, bereft of a home,
A stranger to pleasure, to comfort and joy,
Behold little Edmund, the poor peasant boy;
Oh pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy,
Oh pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy.

I'm willing to labor, I'm willing to toil,
For fortune will ever on industry smile,
But ah! not a creature will deign to employ
A wand'rer like Edmund the poor peasant boy.
Then pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy,
Then pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy.

Saw ye Johnnie coming.

As sung by Miss TWIBILL.

Saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie coming,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head
And his doggie running? quo' she.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
For ah, he is a gallant lad,
And ah, he's a' weel doing.
And a' the wark about the house,
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she.

Father.—What will I do wi' him, hussy?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae none to gie him.

Daughter.—I hae two sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna quarrel wi' him, daddy,
Dinna quarrel wi' him.

For muckle do I lo'e him, quo' she,
For muckle do I lo'e him;
Oh! fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And bless us a' at e'en, my daddy,
And bless us a', my daddy.

The voice of her I love.

As sung by Mr. BRAHAM.

How sweet, at close of silent eve,
The harp's responsive sound!
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive
And deeds by virtue crown'd!

How sweet to sit beneath a tree
In some delightful grove!
But, oh! more soft, more sweet to me
The voice of her I love!

Whene'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
In humble sphere I move,
Content and bless'd where'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

Where is my Lover.

As sung by Miss STEPHENS.

Where is my lover? can any one tell?
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
He flirts with another, I know very well;
And I am all alone!
I own that I frown'd when I sent him away,
And order'd him not to come near me to-day:
But then I'd no notion that he would obey,
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I'm sure we girls do not mean half that we say.
Oh! I am all alone!

Where is my lover? oh! bring him to me,
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I was not aware, how distressing 'twould be,
Thus to be all alone!
They tell me to Mary gay presents he brings,
They say that he smiles when fair Isabel sings;
'Tis plain that his Cupid has two pair of wings:
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
Oh! his love and mine are two different things,
For I am all alone!

Bid him come back to me like a good man,
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I will him receive with smiles, if I can,
Tho' I am all alone!
Do not permit him to think that I pine,
Tell him that many men call me divine:
You cannot mistake him, his form is so fine:
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
They say that his eyes are the image of mine,
Oh! I am all alone!

The Spring time of year is coming.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

The spring time of year is coming, coming,
Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay,
Insects bright are humming, humming,
And all the world is May, love,
And all the world is May.
The glorious sun is brighter,
The balmy air is lighter;
E'en woman when we meet her
In this sweet time is sweeter.
The spring time, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
With fragrance from the balmy grove,
And youthful swains are telling, telling,
Their happy tales of love, love,
Their happy tales of love.
Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,
Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill,
Each maiden hastes her love to meet,
With hope and joy his heart to fill.
The spring time, &c.

Boys of Ohio.

Step forth, ye sons of freedom, who strangers are to fear;
Repair unto your quarters, and enter volunteer;
Where you will be advanced above all worldly store,
Whilst we stand under arms, amid a loyal corps.
We're the boys of Ohio.

If our officers command us, we'll cheerfully obey;
If the British and Indians stand us, we'll show them Yankee play;
We'll rout them from their trenches, with our bold musketeers,
And we'll boldly let them know we're the gallant volunteers.
We're the boys of Ohio.

And when that we have conquered, as homewards we do come,
Triumphant colors flying, with a loud fife and drum,
Our sweethearts, wives, and children, will meet us with three cheers,
Crying, huzza, huzza, huzza, there's the gallant volunteers,
There's the boys of Ohio.

Here's a health unto our president, the major, and the corps,
Our officers and privates, we'll toast them o'er and and o'er;
Here's a health in good brown whisky, the best liquor for the king,
And when that we return, boys, in claret we will swim.
We're the boys of Ohio.

Mr. Jones and his Kittens.

As sung by Mr. SLOMAN, at the New-York Theatres.

The clock had struck one, Mr. Jones went to bed,
Fal de ral, de ral lal, de ral de ral laddy,
And strange was the vision that roamed in his head,
Fal de ral, &c.
A scratching he heard, and a mighty great moan,
Oh! says he to himself, sure the devil is come,
Fal de ral, &c.

To be sure, what a horrible sight to behold!
Fal de ral, &c.
What he saw with his eyes, turned all his blood cold;
Fal de ral, &c.
A great tabby cat, with nine kittens at her tail.
Jump'd smack on his bed, and there did bewail;
Fal de ral, &c.

Last night, oh! you drowned us every one,
Fal de ral, &c.
And pray, Mr. Jones, what have we done?
Fal de ral, &c.
Though each of us had nine lives, you ne'er a one
spar'd;
Then the old cat swell'd her tail, and the kittens all
swear'd.
Fal de ral, &c.

Now, the old cat's eyes, one black, t'other red,
Fal de ral, &c.
And her tail swelled three times as big as her head,
Fal de ral, &c.
You villian! she cried, as she cock'd up her back,
With her eyes flashing fire, in his face she flew
smack. (*mew.*)
Fal de ral, &c.

Oh! then for to hear how poor Mr Jones halloed,
Fal de ral, &c.
When the old cat scratch'd his face, and the kittens all followed.
Fal de ral, &c.
Have mercy, have mercy, 'tis for mercy I sue,
The old cat she sweared, (*new*) no! I'll be d—d if I do.
Fal de ral, &c.

Then, there was an odd thought popp'd into his head.
Fal de ral, &c.
Oh! says he to himself, I'll pretend to be dead,
Fal de ral, &c.
Then away went the cat, with her sweet little train,
And Jones swore he'd ne'er drown any kittens again.
Fal de ral, &c.

The Rose Tree.

A rose tree in full bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see,
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty, attracted me;
Though eager once to win her,
When lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay.
I found a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,
The sun shining fair and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
The sun-beams no more are seen;
Farewell! ye fleeting hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

When fair Aurora blushes,
And heaven's serene and clear,
The linnets, larks, and thrushes,
With music delight the ear;
When storms begin to gather,
And clouds veil the vaulted skies,
They bid adieu to pleasure,
In silence their music dies.

So, when you was my lover,
I thought you was all divine:
No blemish could discover;
But now, all your vices shine:
I find you are inconstant,
You're false and fickle as the wind;
I'll think no more upon you,
But banish you from my mind.

The Steamboat.

TUNE—"London's a comical city."

IN the steamboat for Margate I started,
And fifty gay passengers more;
From London's fine city departed,
To wander upon the sea shore;
To saunter quite listless about,
Or take a good souse in the brine;
Ride donkies, or fret at a rout,
Or listen to music divine.

(*Spoken.*) Daddy, what is that bibbetty bob beting up and down?—The in-jine, my jewel—What's it for, daddy?—Vhy, do not you see a fire?—Yes—Vell, that there fire boils this here vater, and makes a steam, and sets them are veels a vorking and so vhen them are veels vorks round, they paws up the water like a hoar; and makes a wessel go along.

And sing, fal de ra dal de ra la, &c.

And sure such an odd set of quizzes
On land or on water ne'er met;
I laugh'd at their comical phizzes,
You'd laugh, too, I'll venture to bet;
For Abraham's offspring was there, sir,
More bearded than any he-goat;
And many an ogling fair, sir,
On whom even Paris might dote.
And sing fal de ral, &c.

Some had heads of all shapes and dimensions,
Some, teeth like the tusks of a boar,
Some, leering, show'd am'rous intentions,
Although on the brink of fourscore—
The mops of some seem'd in a blaze, sir,
Like carrots, their hair was so red;
And the leanness of some would amaze, sir,
While others were plump and high fed.
And sing fal de ral, &c.

And there was abundance of prog, too,
For every smart cit and his rib;
Wine, cider, and brandy, and grog, too,
For each jolly fellow to bib.
The passengers, they were provided
As suited the length of their purse,
With an elegant cabin, and thank ye,
Or a mean one and a low mutter'd curse.
And sing fal de ral, &c.

(*Spoken.*) Charming prospect, ladies!—Mamma, I'm quite sick; (retches)—Come, don't puff your backey smoke in my face.—I shall if I likes.—Thee woot woot? we shall zee.—Gemmen, no fighting here, if you please, stop till you go on shore.—Mamma, I can't help laughing at that droll man.—O fie, child! And there's another!—en't you

ashamed ; an old man like you, to insult a girl so ?—I did not insult her ; I've a right to look.—Yes : I have a right to pull your nose.—Murder ! gentlemen, I challenge you to witness this assault.—What's the matter ?—My dog has fallen overboard !—Jump over after him, then.—No ; stop the boat.—Go on ; we're always stopping.—Steward, bring a bottle of cider ; pshaw, this is half water !—Recollect, sir, water keeps our vessel afloat.—Tell those fellows to keep in their own part of the boat !—Come, don't crowd the engine ! No roasting potatoes, if you please.—Why not ? I pays for commodation, do you ?—Then lett' have no croachments.—Who's going to croach ?—What's that to thee ? my money's as good as another's—Is it ? why did'nt you keep it then ?

And sing fal de ral, &c.

By the jargon of singing and bawling,
The voices of speakers were drown'd ;
And some, filled with terror, were squalling,
While others were puking around.
The chimney, which stood like a mast,
A torrent of smoke did out pour :
And round went the wheels very fast,
For we travel'd at ten miles an hour.
And sing fal de ral, &c.

The day was quite pleasant and clear ;
I spent it with perfect delight ;
And just as the evening drew near,
Gay Margate's famed pier hove in sight :
Each person with speed disembarks :
I planning amusement for you,
At my inn scrawl'd these hasty remarks ;
Accept them, dear friends,—and adieu !
Singing fal de ral, &c.

Constitution and Guerriere.

TUNE—"Landlady of France."

It oft-times has been told
That the British sailors bold,
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy O
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch,
Oh! the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean roll'd,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee O;
With choice of British crew,
As a rammer ever drew,
They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy O

When this frigate hove in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
Come, clear the ship for action and be handy O;
To the weather-gauge boys get her,
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink, gunpowder, mixed with brandy O

Then Dacres loudly cries,
Make this Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy O,
Thirty-five's enough I'm sure
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy O.

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answer'd not,
Till they got within the distance they call'd handy O
Now, says Hull unto his crew,
Boys, let's see what we can do,
If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy O.

The first broadside we pour'd,
Carried their main-mast by the board,
/hich made this lofty frigate look abandon'd O;
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
ord, I didn't think these Yankees were so handy O.

Our second told so well,
That their fore and mizen fell,
/hich dous'd the royal ensign so handy O;
By George, says he, we're done,
And they fired a lee gun,
/hile the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy O.

Then Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword,
oth was he to part with it, it was so handy O;
Oh, keep your sword, says Hull,
For it only makes you dull,
) cheer up; come, let us take a little brandy O.

Come fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
nd so merrily we'll push about the brandy O;
John Bull may boast his fill,
Let the world say what they will,
ut the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O.

nalyzation, or, What are we made of.

s sung by Mr. SLOMAN, at the Bowery Theatre, New-York, with unbounded applause.

I've travel'd o'er the nation,
And every gradation,
nd can tell what mortals are made of.

What are our lawyers made of?
What are our lawyers made of?

Of clients and fees, of errors and pleas,
Of courts of king's bench, where bills they retrench
Long, brief, and a terrible case,
Tax, cost, and a very wry face;
And such are our lawyers made of,
And such are our lawyers made of.

What are old maids made of?
What are old maids made of?
Of thrown-away sighs and crow's feet eyes,
Of sprigs of rue, and vinegar too,
Long tongue, and faltering walk,
Chit chat, and slander to talk;
And such are old maids made of,
And such are old maids made of.

What are the ladies made of?
What are the ladies made of?
Of puffs and of prills, their beaux for to kill,
Of their heaving a sigh, till they make the men die
They marry the man that comes from afar,
And their children soon cry, "mamma," and "papa;"
And such are the ladies made of,
And such are the ladies made of.

What are dandies made of?
What are dandies made of?
Of padding and puff, of whiskers and snuff,
Of glass to the eye, when a female is nigh,
False collar and calves'-head hair,
Stays, lace, and a head like a bear.
And such are dandies made of,
And such are dandies made of.

What are our actors made of?
What are our actors made of?
Of Warren, and Wemyss, and Booth—indeed,
Of Hilson, and Barnes, and Mr. Placide,

Of Forrest, and Cooper, and Mr. J. Sloman,
And Jefferson, who is inferior to no man:
And such are our actors made of,
And such are our actors made of.

What is a steam-boat made of?
What is a steam-boat made of?
Of boiling-hot water, mamma and her daughter,
A bell and a ringer, to call you to dinner;
The sum, half a dollar—not dear at the price,
For roast beef and mustard, potatoes and rice;
And such is a steam-boat made of,
And such is a steam-boat made of.

What is North river made of?
What is North river made of?
Of hills high and steep, that up you can't creep,
Of water like glass, you may see the fish pass,
And West Point and Catskill such beauties disclose
And a beautiful view, call'd St. Anthony's Nose;
And such is North river made of,
And such is North river made of.

What is New York made of?
What is New York made of?
Of Battery and Park, Broadway in the dark,
Of banks that have cash, and ladies that dash,
The delight of the stranger, and the home of th
brave,
Fun, frolic and glee, and brokers that shave,
And such is New York made of,
And such is New York made of.

What is Philadelphia made of?
What is Philadelphia made of?
Of streets of the best, that's built east and west,
Of fine Schuylkill coal, and shad by the shoal,

Of the bank and a national mint—what a pile!
And a market that reaches for nearly a mile;
And such is Philadelphia made of,
And such is Philadelphia made of.

What is a Bostonian made of?
What is a Bostonian made of?
How d'ye do, and I thank ye, a name for a Yankee,
A fine snowy day, and a very good sleigh;
The very same people, who (between you and me)
Swore they be d—d if they would be tax'd for their tea,
And such are Bostonians made of,
And such are Bostonians made of.

What are Baltimoreans made of?
What are Baltimoreans made of?
Of hearts that can feel for the public weal,
Of a heart to give and a hand to receive;
Who, a few years ago, where the people all swore,
They be d—d if the British should have Baltimore
And such are Baltimoreans made of,
And such are Baltimoreans made of.

The Banks of Champlain.

'Twas autumn, and round me the leaves were de
scending,
And lonely the woodpecker pecked on the tree,
Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were de-
fending,
The din of their arms sounded dismal to me;
For Sandy, my love, was engaged in the action,
Without him I valued the world not a fraction,
His death would have ended my life in distraction,
As lonely I stray'd on the banks of Champlain.

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
My elbow I leaned on a rock near the shore.

The sounds nearly parted my heart-strings asunder,
I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more
But soon an express all my sorrows suspended,
My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended,
My shepherd was safe, and my country defended,
By freedom's brave sons, on the banks of Champlain.

I wiped from my eyes the big tear that had started,
And hastened the news to my parents to bear,
Who sighed for the loss of relations departed,
And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care;
The cannon now ceased, the drums still were beating,
The foes of our country far north were retreating,
The neighboring damsels each other were greeting,
With the songs of delight, on the banks of Champlain.

Our squadron triumphant, our army victorious,
With laurels unfaded, our Spartans return'd,
My eyes never dwelt on a scene half so glorious,
My heart with such rapture before never burn'd:
But Sandy, my darling, that moment appearing,
His presence to every conntenance cheering,
Was rendered to me more doubly endearing,
By the feats he performed on the banks of Champlain.

But should smiling peace, with her blessings and treasures,
Soon visit the plains of Columbia again,
What pen can describe the enrapturing pleasures
That I shall experience through life, with my swain;
For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,
Nor worse British foes send their minions to harm us,
But nature and art will continue to charm us,
While happy we live on the banks of Champlain.

The Royal Robes.

Come all you royal templars,
That's bless'd all round the globe,
That wear the badge of honor;
I mean the royal robe.
Noah, he wore in the ark, where he stood,
When the world was destroyed by a deluge flood.

Noah, he was elected in the sight of the Lord,
He loved a free mason that knew the sacred word,
He tilled the earth and planted the first vine,
And his glory in heaven like the angels doth shine.

The secret was lost, and surely was found,
And so was our dear Savior, it is very well known.
In the garden of Gethsemane, where he sweat the bloody sweat:
Repent, my dear brethren, before it is too late.

I never will hear an orphan cry;
No, nor a widow, until the day I die;
Search the holy scriptures, and there it will be found.
The tree that bears no fruit, it must be cut down

When I think on Moses, I cannot help but blush,
Likewise on Mount Horeb, where I saw the burning bush:
My shoes I will take off, and my staves I'll cast away
Like a pilgrim I will wander until my dying day.

When we are dead, and our lives we have resign'd,
Hoping to the heavens with good fortune combin'd:
In heaven there's a lodge, and St. Peter keeps the door,
There's none he will let enter, but those that are pure.

Altogether.

As sung by Mr. H. Eberle.

Reuben he had wit and grace.
Altogether, altogether
And run, I wot, a goodly race,
Altogether, &c.
Quoth pious Reuben, verily,
Temptation may my spirits try,
But the devil and women I do defy,
Altogether, &c.

Reuben and a blooming maid,
Altogether, &c.
Met beneath a hawthorn shade,
Altogether, &c.
With love, his heart began to swell,
He clasp'd the dame, when, strange to tell,
Quite plump into a ditch he fell!
Altogether, &c.

The devil and women both came there,
Altogether, &c.
And tempted him to love and swear,
Altogether, &c.
Out they scrambled black as pitch,
None could discover which was which;
So he damn'd the women and the ditch,
Altogether, &c.

Battle of New-Orleans.

Tune—"Hail to the Chief."

Hail to the hero, the pride of his country,
Honor'd by all, be his ever great name;
Where is the man, who presumes with effrontery,
To tarnish the laurels that bloom with his fame!
Down where the waters flow,
He met the invading foe.

Where great Mississippi resounds with his fame;
There, with his gallant band,
Nobly sustain'd the land
And cover'd the foe with confusion and shame.

Loudly the thunders of battle were roaring,
Hurling defeat in the ranks of the foe,
Proudly above, the proud eagle was soaring,
The warriors of Britain were prostrate and low;
There, with undaunted mien,
Jackson shone amid the scene;
The red glare of battle, the hero display'd;
He ev'ry bosom fir'd,
His voice, ev'ry one inspir'd;
To conquest, to glory, they rush'd undismay'd.

'Mid volumes of smoke, that the combat enshrouded:
Thy banner, oh! freedom, with brilliancy shone,
But Britain, the sun of thy glory was clouded,
Thy legions were routed, thy hosts overthrown;
No more along the coast,
Is heard their haughty boast,
While beauty and booty the battle impel
Long they'll lament the day,
When in the mortal fray,
Their hopes were all crush'd with the thousands who fell.

Hail thou firm patriot, belov'd by the nation,
Thy honor unsoiled, thy integrity tried,
Worthy to fill the most exalted station,
With valour to save, and with skill to preside:
In vain the intriguing foe,
Aims the insidious blow,
To blight thy fair laurels, to sully thy fame;
Truth, with the ray of light,
Thy virtues, brave chief, will write,
In the annals of greatness, emblazon thy name.

Geoffry's Courtship.

As sung by Mr. HYATT, in "Amateurs and Actors," at the Bowery Theatre.

One morning, whilst I was brewing,
My thoughts each thought pursuing,
First malt and hops, next Molly Popps,
Thinks I, I'll go a wooing.
Oh, yes, I will, indeed I will, tol de rol, &c.

Chance, in my brew-house, brought her.
"Dame Popps, I love your daughter,
And feel inclin'd to tell my mind,
And cut my longing shorter."
Oh, yes, I do, indeed I do, tol de rol, &c.

My Molly dear, now came in,
Whilst love my heart inflaming;
Her mother said, "the lad's afraid,
His passion you'll be blaming."
Oh, yes. he is, he really is, tol de rol, &c

Cried Moll, "you stupid, rash cub,
Think I'd marry such a scrub?
Your hopes desist," so with her fist,
She sous'd me in the mash tub!
Oh, yes, she did, she really did, tol de rol, &c.

The Hobbies.

Attention pray give, while of hobbies I sing,
For each has his hobby, from cobbler to king;
On some favourite hobby we all get astride,
And when we're once mounted, full gallop we ride.
All on hobbies, all on hobbies,
All on hobbies, gee up and gee O.

Some hobbies are restive, and hard for to govern,
E'en just like our wives, they're so cursedly stubborn;
The hobbies of scolds are their husbands to teaze,
And the hobbies of lawyers are plenty of fees.
All on hobbies, &c.

The beaux, those sweet gentlemen, hobbies good lack,
Is to wear great large poultices tied round the neck;
And they think in the ton and the tippy they're drest,
If they've breeches that reach from the ancle to chest
All on hobbies, &c.

The hobbies of sailors, when safe moor'd in port,
With their wives and their sweethearts to play and to sport;
When our navy's completed, their hobby shall be,
To show the whole world that America's free.
All on hobbies, &c.

The hobbies of soldiers, in time of great wars,
Are breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and scars;
But in peace you'll observe, that quite different the trade is,
The hobbies of soldiers, in peace, are the ladies.
All on hobbies, &c.

The ladies, sweet creatures, yes, they now and then,
Get astride of their hobbies, just like the men;
With smiles and with simpers, beguile us with ease,
And we gallop, trot double, e'en just as they please.
All on hobbies, &c.

The American's hobby has long since been known,
No tyrant or king shall from them have a throne;
Their states are united, and let it be said,
Their hobby is WASHINGTON, peace and free trade.
All on hobbies, &c.

The public Robber.

As sung by Mr. A. Simpson, at the Bowery Theatre, with unprecedented applause.

A story I heard t'other day,
If it's false I ask pardon from all, sir;
A man in New York, they say,
Ran away with the Masonic Hall, sir,
Then off like a colt scamper'd he,
The watchmen they miss'd and follow'd it;
So, lest he detected should he,
He made but one gulp, and he swallow'd it,
Singing, ri tol lol de rol, &c.

The watchmen in searching him out,
In his pocket they found Scudder's museum,
Park theatre was under his coat,
With the bank of New York as a premium;
For this thief, sure there ne'er was a match,
In his pocket he put without scruple, O,
The famous town clock for a watch,
To which, for a seal, hung the steeple, O,
Singing, ri tol, &c.

They took him before a grand court,
Who ask'd him what he'd got to say to it?
Facts were of so glaring a sort,
He hadn't the face to say nay to it.
So, resolv'd to gain freedom from all,
'Scape the justice, who was in a great fury,
He spit out the Masonic Hall,
Which knock'd down the judge and the jury.
Singing, ri tol, &c.

Then, going down Chatham-street, home,
He met the citizen's coach full of passengers;
In a minute, he gobbled it down,
With a boy and a basket of sausages.

Spectators were struck with affright,
Some were put in a mighty quandary,
While the monster, pursuing his flight,
Came to the theatre and swallowed Megarey
Singing, ri tol, &c.

In his belly he slept for three days,
And dreamt of Tom Thumb and poor Jonah
At length, he awoke with amaze,
Crying out, "the poor player's done over;
Mr. Eat-all, I pray let me out,
Or else I shall die of some plaguey fit"
So, the monster he open'd his throat,
And Simpson walk'd out to his benefit.
Singing, ri tol, &c.

Professional Dinner Parties.

As sung, with the greatest applause, by Mr. SLOMAN, at the New-York Theatres.

Four and twenty barbers sat 'em down to dine,
Knives sharp, plates hot, French bread and napkins clean; [and fine
Like heads in a perfumer's shop, they looked so smart
Their appetites first whetted were like razors keen

(*Spoken.*) Mr. *Friz*, shall I help you to a head of *Hare?* Are the beards taken off those oysters? Who's for a *pig-tail?* Do you take, Trifle? Trifle, I thought it was soap-suds.—*Lather* away, boys. Here, waiter! *Shave* you directly, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade
Barbers' blocks are not the only wooden heads made.

Four and twenty tailors sat 'em down to dine,
Bold men in buckram, with appetites *fine drawn*
All the preparations were ordered *superfine*,
Among the rest beef *skirts* and famous *collare* brawn.

(*Spoken.*) Mr. *Snip*, do you take turkey? No, I always prefer *goose*. Brother chip, shall I help you to some cauliflower? No, *cablage* for me. This beef is really *ingrain;* shall I send you a slice? Let it be *ell-wide*, then.—Give me a slice of that pudding; *double-milled drab*, I declare, cuts like *long cloth!* Yes, but you'll soon make it short commons. Here, waiter! Sharp as a *needle*, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade;
Tailors an't the only folks whom *cabbaging* has made!

Four and twenty shoemakers sat 'em down to dine,
Strap to, *Peg* away; *brush'd* up, and *polish'd* all;
The cookery was right *cordovan*, and blackstrap was the wine,
And not a *soul* among 'em left a *heel-tap* e'er so small.

(*Spoken.*) This lamb's as hard as a *lapstone*. You have made an *end* of it, though. I declare this tripe's like *leather*. You've got through it at *last*. Shall I help you to a mealy potato? No, I prefer *wax*. Neighbor *Brad*, what are you doing? *Hammering* away. Shall I help you to a *sole?* Yes, and a glass of brandy by way of *upper-leather*. Here, waiter. Brisk as a *bristle*, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade
Fortunes are by *cobbling* tricks, in all professions made.

Four and twenty tallow-chandlers sat 'em down to dine,
Longs, *shorts*, *middlings*, of every sort and size;
All *cottoning* together; no *wax-lights* half so fine,
Good humor *lighted up*, appeared in all their sparkling eyes.

(*Spoken.*) Give me some *short sixes.* I suppose you mean asparagus. I'll take a *dip* in the soup *vat.* This mutton's on the right *mould.* Mr. *Wick*, you look as fine as a *flambeau.* Bless us, how your wit *gutters.* *Snuff* him out. Here, waiter. *Candles* in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade;
And may *illuminations* for victory oft be made.

Four and twenty music-masters sat 'em down to dine,
All *bows*, each at dinner could *first fiddle* play;
Their mouths moved in merry *time* to what they might incline,
While they run up a pretty *score*, and piper had to pay.

(*Spoken.*) Gentlemen, are you all in *tune?* I'm *sharp* set. Who's for a *solo* on a surloin? I like a *duet*, beef and pudding. Who'll take a part in a *glee*,—I mean a glass. Oh, I'll *rosin* with all my heart. Mr. *Blowpipe*, do you take strawberries? Oh no, *hoboys* for me. What say you, gents, to the *musical glasses?* Why we seem a little *flat*,—I'll give you a toast: "May all enemies to harmony finish in a common *chord.*" Here waiter. Coming in a brace of *shakes*, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade,
And may all fortune's future *scores* in harmony be made!

Four and twenty dancing-masters sat 'em down to dine,
All *cut* and *figur'd* in, not one inclin'd to *cross;*
Each put his best foot foremost, their *positions* were all fine,
From pig and cow, they'd *toe* and *heel*, and loads of *caper* sauce.

(Spoken.) Dear me, one might dance a *hornpipe* on this crust. You re so impatient—I always eat in *jig* time. *Cast off one couple* of fowls here. How shall I cut this up! *Down the middle and up again.* Who takes wine? All! *right* and *left.* Here, waiter. *Set to* in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade;
How many fortunes were all ranks by *shuffling* are made!

Four and twenty doctors sat 'em down to dine,
Pulses all in unison, from hunger tongues so so;
Every thing in season from the chickens to the chine,
The whole *materia medica* of Messrs. Glass and Co.

(*Spoken.*) The seasoning of this duck bites like a *blister*, and the pease are as big as *boluses*. How's that *tongue?* Pretty fair. I don't like the look of it. Let me prescribe *rhubarb* pie, then. Dr. Pop'em, a glass of wine. No objection to a *black dose*, Doctor. Here, waiter. Repeat the *dose* immediately, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade;
Fortunes are by *quackery*, in all professions made!

Four and twenty lawyers sat 'em down to dine,
Like *red tails* and *latitats*, all *lawful* (in their looks;
As busy as in *term time*, the *cause*, list full and fine,
The bill of fare as long as theirs, their counselors the *cocks*.

(*Spoken.*) Gentlemen, I think you hav'nt done that haunch *justice*. Then I move for a *new trial*. I move for a *habeas* to bring that John Dory to this table. Brother, will you take a *rule*—bless me, I

mean a rump-steak? Brother *Brief*, help me to a *client*. What do you mean? A *flat* fish, to be sure. Can any gentleman *shew cause* why we shouldn't take a glass of wine round? Here, waiter, move the cloth. *Clear the court* in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade
Fortunes are by *wiggery* in all professions made.

Four and twenty painters sat 'em down to dine,
In *colors* gay as rainbows, all set to in a trice;
The *canvas* for the dinner stretch'd, each hand or a *design*;
For each was a good *workman*, and had a *palate* nice.

(*Spoken.*) Brother *Daub*, give me some turbot for a *first coat*, and lobster sauce over it for a *second*. I protest these fish are perfect *pictures*. Yes, here are soles done in *oil*, and salmon in *water*. That duck you've got in famous *keeping*—suppose I *draw* it near me.—Oh no, I mean to keep it all myself. That pudding is too much in *perspective*. Who's for a glass of *red lake*? Waiter, *draw* some wine. *Brush* in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade!
May all our *battle-pieces* after Wellington be made.

Four and twenty actors sat 'em down to dine,
Such cutting and such hacking ne'er in tragedy you knew;
They came with *comic* phizzes, some dressed *farcically* fine,
The singers all had *op'ra* hats, and all in merry *cue*.

(*Spoken.*) Waiter, remove the covers. Yes, let's have a peep *behind the curtain*. Will you have

some of the fish? Oh yes, I sigh for my beautiful maid. Mr. Rant, shall I give you goose? No, I've enough of that on the *boards*. Has John Dory made his *exit?* Yes, and *enter John Grouse*. How they are fighting for the pease. Only *rehearsing* the *battle of Hastings*. Do you take O. P. or P. S.? What's that? Old port or prime sherry. Mr. *Prompter*, will you wet your *whistle* with a glass of wine? Here's a bumper to your *benefit*. *Ring* for the *call*. Mr. *Manager*, what will you have? I'll take the *benefit* of the *act*. Here, waiter, dessert and bill. Fine fruit and *a bill of the play* directly, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade;
May all the parts in nature's *drama* with applause
be played!

Four and twenty poets sat 'em down to dine,
Rare men, spare men, all as hungry as could be,
All drest in their best clothes, though not very fine;
They sat 'em down by *couplets*, the dinner glad to
see.

(*Spoken.*) Brother *Fiction*, this is better than feeding on fancy. I fancy it is. Do you ever mean to take that porter pot from your mouth? Oh, the poet says *drink deep*, or taste not. Who'll have a L. E G of a fowl? Mr. Pun, shall I give you a *merry thought?* Brother *Tagrhyme*, which of the ancient poets do you like best? *Chaucer*, at dinner time. Ah, Joe Miller. Here, waiter, all the porter's *out of print*. A *second edition* immediately, gentlemen.

Hob, nob! what's the toast? here's success to trade;
May fortune be, if not by *rhyme*, at least by *reason*
made.

The Poachers.

As sung by Master COWELL.

When I was bound apprentice in fair Lincolnshire,
Full well I serv'd my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear,
Oh! 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

As me and my comrade were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we 'spied the game-keeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, and jump over any where,
Oh! 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year

As me and my comrade were setting four or five,
And taking on 'em up again we caught the hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer,
Oh! 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

We throdun him over our shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbor's house, and sold him for a crown;
We sold him for a crown, my boys, *but I did not tell you where*,
Oh! 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every *poacher* that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell his deer,
Oh! 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

Clar de Kitchen.

A little old man cum riding by,
Says I, old man, your hoss will die;
Well, if he dies I'll tan his skin,
But if he libs I'll ride him agin;
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy neber tire!

I say, my friend, your hoss is blind,
I know it, dear sir, you're very kind;
But its no business of yours, the hoss is mine,
He goes straight forward and kicks up behind,
So clar de kitchen, &c.

An old bay hoss lay in the road,
And on his hip-bone sat a *little toad*,
He raised his voice to the woods around,
"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound"
Of clar de kitchen, &c.

Now this old hoss lay on de ice,
And on his hip-bone sat a *little mice!*

He raised his voice to the steamboats round,
"Hark! for the *Licking* is a cumin down."
So clar de kitchen, big boats, little boats,
Clar de kitchen, flat boats, keel boats,
For de Licking neber tire!

The ice came down with a rushing din,
And stove the Jarsey's cabin in;
It raked the Fulton aft and fore,
And left her kitchen on the shore!
Clar de steamboats, thick ice, thin ice,
Old Kentucky neber tire.

I hab a sweet-heart in dis town,
She wears a cloak and a new silk gown;
And as she walks de streets around,
De hollow of her *fut* makes a hole in de *ground*.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

As I went to market t'other day,
I got so swipesy I lost my way;
My master says, where *have you been*,
The way I lights on you's a sin.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

A *jay-bird* sat on a swinging limb,
He winked at *me* and *I* winked at *him*,
I cocked my gun and broke he shin,
And de way de feathers *flew* was a sin.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

I went on a visit to Tennessee,
To see Davy Crockett grin a 'possum off a tree;
He grin six time:—'possum never stir a jot,
Pshaw! massy Davy, you grinnin at a knot.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

Now Jackson is goin to fight de French,
And he wants de sojers dat neber will flinch;
And I'se a going to get some glory,
And when I gets back I'll tell you de story.
So clar de kitchen, &c.

I went to de caravan to see de fun,
And dere was a nigger, beatin on de drum;
And what you tink dat I see then,
Why de lion went into de keeper's den!
So clar de kitchen, &c.

De elephant den lay on the ground,
And a man walked over him safe and sound;
And de lion put his head in de man's dinner hole,
And de monkeys stirr'd de people up with a long pole
So clar de kitchen, &c.

Battle of Plattsburg.

Sir George Prevost, with all his host,
March'd forth from Montreal, sir,
Both he and they, as blithe and gay,
As going to a ball, sir;
The troops he chose, were all of those
That conquer'd Marshal Soult, sir,
Who, at Garonne (the fact is known)
Scarce brought them to a halt, sir.

With troops like these, he thought with ease
To crush the Yankee faction;
His only thought, was how he ought
To bring them into action.
Your very names, sir George exclaims,
Without a gun or bayonet,
Will pierce like darts, through Yankee hearts,
And all their spirits stagnate.

Oh! how I dread, lest they have fled,
And left their puny fort, sir,
For sure Macomb won't stay at home.
To afford us any sport, sir;
Good bye, he said, to those that staid,
Keep close as mice or rats, snug,
We'll just run out, upon a scout,
To burn the town of Plattsburg.

Then up Champlain, with might and main,
He march'd in dread array, sir,
With fife and drum, to scare Macomb,
And drive him quite away, sir;
And side by side, their nation's pride,
Along the current, beat, sir,
Swore not to sup, till they eat up
McDonough and his fleet, sir.

Still onward came these men of fame,
Resolv'd to give no quarter;
But to their cost, found out at last,
That they had caught a tartar.
At distance shot, awhile they fought,
By water and by land, sir,
His knightship ran from man to man,
And gave his dread command, sir.

Britons, strike home; this dog, Macomb,
So well the fellow knows us,
Will just as soon jump o'er the moon,
As venture to oppose us;
With quick despatch, light ev'ry match,
Man ev'ry gun and swivel,
Cross in a crack the Saranac,
And drive 'em to the devil.

The Vermont ranks that lin'd the banks,
Then pois'd the unerring rifles,

And to oppose their haughty foes,
They found a perfect trifle;
Meanwhile the fort kept up such sport,
They thought the devil was in it;
Their mighty train play'd off in vain,
'Twas silenc'd in a minute.

Sir George, amaz'd, so wildly gaz'd,
Such frantic gambols acted,
Of all his men, not one in ten,
But thought him quite distracted;
He curs'd and swore, his hair he tore,
Then jump'd upon his pony,
And gallop'd off towards the Bluff,
To look for captain Downie.

But when he spied McDonough ride
In all the pomp of glory,
He hasten'd back to Saranac,
To tell the dismal story:
My gallant crews, oh! shocking news,
Are all or kill'd or taken,
Except a few that just withdrew
In time to save their bacon.

Old England's pride must now subside,
Oh! how the news will shock her,
To have her fleet not only beat,
But sent to Davy's locker.
From this sad day, let no one say,
Britannia rules the ocean,
We've dearly bought the humbling thought,
That this is all a notion.

With one to ten I'd fight 'gainst men,
But these are Satan's legions,
With malice fraught, come piping hot,
From Pluto's darkest regions.

Helas mon dieu ? what shall I do ?
I smell the burning sulphur ;
Set Britain's Isle, all rank and file,
Such men would soon engulf her.

That's full as bad—Oh ! I'll run mad ;
Those western hounds are summon'd,
Gaines, Scott, and Brown, are coming down,
To serve me just like Drummond.
Thick too, as bees, the Vermontese
Are swarming to the lake, sir,
And Izard's men, come back again,
Lie hid in ev'ry brake, sir.

Good Brisbane, beat a quick retreat,
Before their forces join, sir,
For sure as fate, they've laid a bait
To catch us like Burgoyne, sir ;
All round about, keep good look out,
We'll surely be surrounded ;
Since I could crawl, my gallant soul
Was never so astounded.

The rout began, sir George led on,
His men ran helter skel'er,
Each tried his best t' outrun the rest,
To gain a place of shelter ;
To hide their fear, they gave a cheer
And thought it mighty cunning—
He'll fight, say they, another day,
Who saves himself by running.

The Irish Schoolmaster.

As sung by Mr. SOMERVILLE, at the New-York Theatres.

Old Teddy O'Rourke kept a bit of a school,
At a place called Clarina ; and made it a rule,

If the mind wouldn't mark, faith he'd soon mark the back,
And he'd give them their own with a devilish crack,
His scholars were Jerry, Big Billy, and Ned,
With Murrogh Mac Carthy, Old Darby and Ted,
Tall Dermot O'Clancy, and Dennis O'Shea,
Faith all noble boys to drive *learning* away.

(*Spoken.*) Well, my boys, says old Ted, as you are all here, I'll be just calling your names over, to see if any of ye are missing. Gerald M'Shee. I am not here, sir. Then where are you, agrah? I'm astride of the door, sir. Then, come in, and I'll beat you. Corney O'Flaherty. I'm here, but my brother Barney ain't. Then, where is your brother Barney? Faith, sir, he's dead, and they're going to *wake* him. Poor fellow! I'm sorry he's gone *home*, for he was my scholar, but do you go and sit down, and don't fall asleep, or I'll be after *waking* you.

So, long life to old Teddy,
For he's always ready
To kick up a row, or the whisky to smack;
With his drinking and eating,
His birching and beating,
And his hubaboo, phillaloo, row de dow whac.

Faith, Ted had a nose, it was big as a tun,
And a chin, too! och honey, but they were all one:
A grin, too, he had, and if there was a noise,
He'd just give a squint, and he'd frighten the boys.
A fortune he had, too;—his birch and his wig,
A black, ugly cow, and an old dirty pig,
A 'tato plantation, a dog and a cat,
And his head, which he kept in an old greasy hat.

(*Spoken.*) Phelim O'Maheney, says he, one day, before you sit down, stand up and say your alphabet,

so, keep your five fingers out of your head for a few minutes, and begin.—What letter's that, sir? I don't know, sir. Arrah! botheration to you, what was it I said to you last night, when I saw you blacking Pat Mooney's eye? Faith, sir, you said, Ah! you big blackguard. Well, never mind the blackguard, but say, ah. Ah. Now, sir, what letter's that? Faith, sir, I don't know, you ought to know better than me. What makes the honey? and hold your whist. B. That's a good boy—now, what half moon of a thing do you call that? I don't know, sir, you ——he, he, he. Well, what do you laugh at, sir? I ask, what do I do with my eyes? You—you squint! And what else, sir? You see. That's a good boy. Now go on. D—E—F—G—H. Well, why do you stop? Because I can't go any farther, sir. What has your mother got at the corner of her nose? A pimple, sir. Och, my sarvice t'ye, sir,—and what else? One eye. Devil take you! don't be getting into figures, now—say I, without the one. I, without the one. What's the next? It's something, sir,—but I don't know what. What does your mother open the door with? A string, sir, and sometimes her foot. Well, but did you never have any thing else? Yes, sir—K. There's a good boy—and now as you've got to L, you may go and sit down and warm yourself.

So, long life to old Teddy, &c.

Jemmy and Nancy.

Lovers, I pray lend an ear to my story,
Take an example by this constant pair,
How love, a young creature did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy, of Yarmouth, we hear:
She was a merchant's lovely fair daughter,
Heiress to fifteen hundred a year;

A young man he courted her to be his jewel,
The son of a gentleman who lived near.

Many long years this maid did he court,
When they were infants, in love they agreed,
And when to age this couple arrived,
Cupid, an arrow between them displayed.
They made a promise to be married,
But when her parents the same came to hear,
They to their charming, beautiful daughter,
Acted a part that was base and severe.

Daughter, they said, give o'er your proceedings;
If that against our consent you do wed,
For ever more we resolve to disown you,
If you wed one that's so meanly bred.
Her mother said, you are of great fortune,
Besides, you are beautiful, charming and young,
You are a match, dear child, that is fitting
For any lord in all Christendom.

Then did reply, this young, beautiful virgin,
Riches and honors I both do defy;
If that I'm denied my dearest lover,
Then farewell this world, which is all vanity:
Jemmy's the man that I do admire,
He has riches that I do adore;
For to be greater, I never desire,
My heart is fixed never to love more.

Then said her father, 'tis my resolution,
Although I have no more daughters but you,
If that with him you are resolved for to marry,
Banish'd for ever from me you shall go.
Well, cruel father, but still I desire,
Grant me that Jemmy once more I may see,
Though you do part us, I still will be loyal,
For none in the world I'll admire but he.

For the young man he sent in a passion,
Saying, for ever, now, sir, take your leave,
I have a match fit for my daughter,
Therefore, 'tis but a folly to grieve.
Honor'd father, then, said the young lady,
Promis'd we are, by all the powers above;
Why of all comfort would you bereave me,
Our love is fixed ne'er to remove.

Then, said the father, a trip to the ocean
Jemmy shall go, in a ship of my own;
I'll consent that he shall have my daughter,
When to fair Yarmouth he again returns.
Honored father, then, said the two lovers,
Since its your will we are bound to obey;
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
But our eager desire no longer must stay.

Then beautiful Nancy, said dearest Jemmy,
Whilst crystal tears like fountains did flow,
Crying, my heart in turn, I do give you,
And you shall be present wherever I go.
When on the ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
Thoughts on my jewel the compass shall steer
These tedious days, time shall discover,
And bring me safe to the arms of my dear:

Therefore, be constant, my dear lovely jewel,
For, by the heavens, if you are untrue,
My troubled ghost shall for ever torment you,
Dead or alive, I'll have none but you.
Her arms around his neck then she twined,
Saying, my dear, when you're on the sea,
If that fate to us would prove cruel,
That we each other no more should see;

No man alive shall ever enjoy me:
Soon as the tidings of death rings in my ear,

Then like a poor unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I'll go, my dear.
Then with a sorrowful sight they departed;
The wind next day blew a pleasant gale,
All things being ready, the same Mary Calley,
And for Barbadoes he straight did set sail.

Jemmy was floating upon the wide ocean,
Her cruel parents were plotting the while,
How the heart of their beautiful daughter,
With cursed gold could strive to beguile.
Many a lord of fame, birth, and breeding,
Came for to court this young beautiful maid,
But all their presents and favors she slighted;
Constant I'll be to my jewel, she said.

Now for a while we will leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with her lover did go:
In the island of Barbadoes, the ship safe arrived,
But now observe this fatal overthrow.
Young Jemmy was comely in every feature;
A Barbadoes lady, whose riches were great,
On him fixed her eyes, then she cried if I get not
This young English sailor, I'll die for his sake.

She then dressed herself in gallant attire,
With costly diamonds she plaited her hair;
A hundred slaves dress'd in white, to attend her,
Sent for this young man to come to her there.
Come, noble sailor, she cried, can you fancy
A lady whose fortune and riches are great;
A hundred slaves you shall have to attend you,
Music to charm you to your silent sleep.

In riches of gold, my dear, I will deck you,
Pearls and rich jewels I'll lay at your feet,
In a chariot of gold you shall ride at your pleasure,
If you can love me, then, answer me straight.

Amazed with wonder, awhile he stood gazing
Forbear, noble lady, at length he replied;
In fair England I have vowed to a lady,
At my return I make her my bride.

She is a charming young beautiful creature,
She has my heart, I can never love more;
I bear in my eyes her sweet lovely feature,
No other charmer on earth I'll adore.
Hearing of this, she did rave in distraction,
Crying, unfortunate woman, thus to love
One that does basely slight all my glory,
And of my person will not approve.

Lords of renown, their favors I've slighted,
Now I must die for a sailor so bold;
I must not blame him because he is constant,
True love, I find, is much better than gold.
A costly jewel she instantly gave him,
Then in her trembling hand, took a knife,
One fatal blow before they could save her,
Quickly put an end to her life.

Great lamentation was made for this maiden;
Jemmy, on board the ship he did steer,
And then for fair England, homeward was steering,
With a longing desire to meet with his dear.
But when her father found he was coming,
A letter did write to the boatswain, his friend,
Saying, a handsome reward I will give you,
If you the life of young Jemmy will end.

Void of all grace, and for the sake of the money,
The cruel boatswain the same did complete;
As they on the deck were lovingly walking,
He suddenly tumbled him into the deep.
In the dead of the night, when all were sleeping,
His troubled ghost to his lover did appear,

Crying, arise, young beautiful Nancy,
Perform the vows you made to your dear.

As you are my own, so tarry no longer,
Seven long years for your sake I did stray,
Hymen does wait to crown us with pleasure,
The bride guest is ready, therefore, come away.
She cried, who is that speaks under my window?
She spied her true love—then to her he did say,
Your parents are sleeping, before they awaken,
Stir up, my dear creature, you must come away.

Oh! Jemmy, she cried, if my father should hear you,
We should be ruined, therefore quickly repair
To the sea side, and I'll instantly meet you,
With my two maidens I'll come to you there:
Her night-gown embroidered with gold and silver,
Carelessly round her body she throws;
With her two maidens, indeed, to attend her,
To meet her true love, she instantly goes.

Close in his arms the spirit did enfold her,
Jemmy, she said, you are colder than clay,
Sure you can ne'er be the man I admire,
Paler than death you appear unto me.
Yes, fairest creature, I am your true lover,
Dead or alive you are to be my own;
I come to your vow, my dear, you must follow
My body now, to my watery tomb.

I for your sake did refuse gold and treasure,
Beauty and riches for you I despised,
A charming young lady for me did expire,
Thinking of you, I was deaf to her cries;
Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
And now I sleep in a watery grave;
And for your promise, my dear, I am suing,
Dead or alive, indeed you I will have

The trembling lady was sorely affrighted,
Amazed, she stood at the brink of the sea,
With eyes turn'd to heaven, she cried, cruel parents
Heaven requite you for your cruelty:
Indeed, I promised my dearest creature,
Dead or alive I would be his own;
And now to perform my vow, I am ready
To follow him to his watery tomb.

Love among the Roses.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower.
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
The graces were there, culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses;
Young Love among the roses,
Love among the roses.

O happy day, O joyous hour,
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flower,
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever;
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses;
Young Love among the roses, &c.

London Newspapers, or Cross Readings.

As sung by Mr. Sloman.

I wants a place, and who does not!
I wish I'd as good as zume volk got,
I'd not disagree for a guinea or two,
If I'd plenty of money and nothing to do.
Zuppose in the paper I takes a look,
Why, 'tis like all the world written down in a book.

(*Looks at the paper.*) Here's wanting and wanted,
and news rather old,
And much to be given, and more to be sold.

(*Reads.*) Here be persons and property protected
n the Flying Mercury Mail Coach, which he over-
urned twice a week at the corner of Rattlebone
Lane—and every soul on board, except the purser—
ommitted to hard labor—at a public dinner to-day,
when the chairman drank—fifteen hogsheads of Lon-
lon particular Madeira—when he was fully com-
nitted for picking pockets, in company with—Orator
Hunt—and two disorderly women, who were—ex
posed for sale last week in Chelmsford Market—at
four pence half penny per pound—with a child's
caul, the property of a lady, who has no farther use
for it.

With politics, law, and each blank a great prize,
Besides a few more unaccountable lies.

Here's doctors will cure, be the matter what will,
And empty your pockets with wonderful skill,
Here's law verses logic, and bills of the play,
With fashions and fires, and Martin and Day;
Here's dye for the hair, and the wig club so rare,
Selling off at prime cost, and a hint to the fair;
Here's novels and poems, by dozens and scores,
The learned pig Toby, and other great bores.

(*Reads.*) To be sold by auction—a young woman
who lived three years in her last place, and is now
warranted to—go one thousand miles in one hun-
dred hours—at forty-one shillings per chaldron, pool
measure—from the swan with two necks—where
places for the boxes may be taken—usual way at
fifteen per cent.—and no questions asked. N. B. A
lamp in the passage—a fine toned piano forte, with

additional keys—warranted sound, wind and limb—by Highflyer, out of—Miss Scott, who never has performed elsewhere—and a guinea the groom—which must all be drawn in one day—at the sign of the three flying feather beds, where the landlord being—condemned to receive one hundred lashes—the same was shared in two quarters, three eighths, and two sixteenths—at the Mansion house—before the lord mayor—for the benefit of—scavengers—night-men, and rubbish-carters, who are about to enter into a matrimonial state—at Charlotte house—opposite Rowland Hill's chapel—no cure, no pay—where subscribers are daily taken,

With politics, law, &c.

Poor Old Maids.

As sung by Mr. Jones.

Fourscore and four of us, poor old maids,
What will become of us, poor old maids?
Fourscore and four of us,
Without a penny in our purse,
What the d—l can be worse, poor old maids?

Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue, poor old maids
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue, poor old maids
Dress'd in yellow, pink, and blue,
Nursing cats is all we do,
Nursing cats is all we do, poor old maids

All alone we go to bed, poor old maids,
All alone we go to bed, poor old maids,
All alone we go to bed,
And not a word to us is said,
And not a word to us is said, poor old maids.

We're all in a willing mind, poor old maids,
We're all in a willing mind, poor old maids,

We're all in a willing mind,
If the men would be so kind,
As to wed the lame and blind, poor old maids.

And if there's any in this room, poor old maids,
And if there's any in this room, poor old maids,
And if there's any in this room,
I hope they'll marry very soon,
And enjoy the life of honeymoon, poor old maids.

Perry's Victory.

Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry, where cannons did roar,
Your valor has gain'd you an immortal glory,
A fame that shall last till time is no more.

Columbian tars are the true sons of Mars,
They rake fore and aft, when they fight on the deep
On the bed of lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caus'd many Britons to take their last sleep.

The tenth of September, let us all remember,
As long as the globe on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines, on lake Erie were seen
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down.

The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down;
Her guns they did roar with such terrific pow'r,
That savages trembled at the dreadful sound.

The Lawrence sustained a most dreadful fire,
She fought three to one for two glasses or more,
While Perry, undaunted, did firmly stand by her,
And the proud foes a heavy broadside did pour.

Her masts being shatter'd, her sails all tatter'd,
Her booms and her yards being all shot away,
And few men on deck, for to manage the wreck,
Our hero on board could no longer stay.

In this situation, the pride of our nation,
Sure heaven had guarded unhurt all the while,
Whilst many a hero maintaining his station,
Fell close by his side and was thrown on the pile

But mark ye, and wonder, when elements thunder,
Death, with destruction, stalking all round,
Our flag he did carry on board the Niagara,
Such valor on record was never yet found.

There is one gallant act of our noble commander,
Whilst writing my song, I must notice with pride.
While launch'd in a smack, which carried his standard,
A ball whistled through her, just by his side.

Says Perry, these villains intend for to drown us,
Put pass on, my boys, you need never fear;
And with his coat he plugged up the boat,
Through sulphur and fire away he did steer.

The fam'd Niagara, now proud of her Perry,
Display'd all her banners in gallant array,
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.

The rear of the fleet, was brought up complete,
And signal was given to break through the lines,
While starboard and larboard, from every quarter,
The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The bold British lion now roar'd his last thunder,
When Perry attack'd him close in the rear,
Columbians' eagle soon made him crush under,
And roar out for quarters, as soon you shall hear.

Oh! had you been there, I vow and declare,
That so great a sight you'd ne'er seen before,
Six bloody flags no longer could wave,
All laid at the feet of our brave commodore.

Brave Elliot, whose valor must now be recorded,
On board the Niagara has well play'd his part,
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,
Will place him the second on lake Erie's chart.

In the midst of the battle, where guns they did rattle,
The Lawrence a wreck, the men almost slain,
Away he did steer and brought up the rear,
And by his manœuvre the victory was gain'd.

Oh! had you seen those noble commanders,
Embracing each other when the conflict was o'er,
And even with these invincible standards,
That never had yielded to any before.

Says Perry, brave Elliot, come, give me your hand, sir,
This day you have gained an immortal renown;
So long as Columbians lake Erie command, sir,
Let brave captain Elliot with laurels be crown'd.

Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
Her Rodneys, her Nelsons, and all her whole crew;
But Rome in her glory ne'er told such a story,
Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do.

The whole British fleet was captur'd complete,
Not a single ship from us got away;
And prisoners some hundreds, Columbians wonder'd,
To see them anchor'd and moor'd in our bay.

May heaven still smile on the shade of those heroes,
Who fought in this vict'ry their country to save,
Who check'd the proud spirits of murd'ring Neroes,
Who wish to divide us, and make us all slaves.

Columbians, sing, and make the woods ring,
And toast those brave heroes by sea and by land,
While Britons drink sherry, Columbians Perry,
And toss it about with a full glass in hand.

Sailor and Farmer's Daughter.

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
That liv'd convenient to the Isle of Man;
Remark, good people, what followed after,
A long time courting, against their will;
A long time courting, and still discoursing
Of things concerning the ocean wide,
Till he said, my dear, at our next meeting,
If you'll consent, I'll make you my bride.

As for sailors, I don't admire them,
Because they sail to so many parts;
And the more we love them, the more they slight us,
And leave us behind, with a sore bleeding heart.
Never fear, my dearest dear,
I don't intend for to serve you so,
For I have once more to cross the ocean,
You know, my darling, that I must go.

This news was carried unto his mother,
Before he stept his foot on board,
That he was courting a farmer's daughter;
Her friends and parents could not afford
One penny portion. Going to the ocean,
Like one distracted, his mother run,
If you don't forsake her, and your bride not make her,
I will disown you for to be my son.

Mother, he said, you are in a passion,
And I am sorry you spoke so late;
Don't you remember, at your first beginning,
My father married you a servant maid

Don't dispraise her, I mean to raise her,
As my father with you has done:
I will take her, and my bride I will make her
Therefore disown me for to be thy son.

When the maid heard this pleasant story,
That she to sea with her true love might go
As for my portion, you need not mind it,
I might have money, and no one to know.
Money or not, he said, you are my love,
And you have my heart and affection still;
I will take you, and my bride I will make you,
So let the world say what they will.

Bonaparte on the Island of St. Helena.

Bony he has gone to the wars of all fighting;
He has gone to the place where he never took delight in;
Oh! there he may sit down, and tell all the scenes he has seen, ah!
While forlorn he does mourn on the Isle of St. Helena.

Louisa does mourn for her husband departed,
She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken-hearted;
Not a friend to condole her, even those that might be with her,
But she mourns when she thinks on the Isle of St Helena.

Come, all you that have got wealth, pray beware of ambition,
For it is a decree in fate that might change your condition:
Be ye steadfast in time, for what is to come you know not,
Or, for fear you might be changed, like he, on the Isle of St. Helena.

The rude rushing waves, all around the shores are washing,
And the great billows heave, and the wild rocks dashing,
He may look to the moon of the great Mount Diana,
With his eyes o'er the waves that are round St. Helena.

No more in St. Clouds, he will be seen in such splendor,
Or go on with his crowds, of the great Alexander,
For the young king of Rome, and the prince of Ganah,
Says he will bring his father home from the Isle of St. Helena.

Poor little Love.

Poor little love looks as meek as a dove,
When he sues for relief in our bosom;
We harbor the boy as a herald of joy,
For where is the heart can refuse him?
When once in our breast, he deprives us of rest,
While for constancy, vain we implore him,
He laughs at our sighs, spreads his pinions and flies,
Yet in spite of all this we adore him;
Yes, yes, poor little love, &c.

Arts are as old as the world, we are told,
Yet we women somehow can't upbraid him;
Oh! still does he vex ev'ry one of our sex,
And man, even *man!* can't evade him.
He sports with us all; young or old, great or small,
Must obey him, whatever they utter;
And as for myself, I wish the sly elf
Would not make in my heart such a flutter.
No, no, sly little love, poor little love, &c.

George Reily.

On a bright summer's morning, the weather being fair,
I stroll'd for a season, down by the river clear,
Where I overheard a damsel most grievously complain,
All for her absent lover, that ploughs the distant main.

I being unperceived, did unto her draw near,
Where I lay down in ambush, the better for to hear
With doleful lamentations, and melancholy cries,
Whilst sparkling tears like crystal, were streaming from her eyes.

Crying, oh! cruel fortune to me has proved unkind,
As my true love has left me, no comfort can I find.
As she was thus lamenting, and grieving for her dear,
I saw a gallant sailor, he unto her drew near.

With eloquence most complaisant, he did address the fair, [here?
Saying, sweet and lovely fair one, why do you mourn
All for an absent lover, the fair one did reply,
Which causes me to wander, for to lament and cry.

Its three long years and better, his absence I have mourn'd,
And though the war is ended, he is not yet return'd.
Why should you grieve for him alone, this sailor he did say,
Perhaps his mind is altered, or changed some other way.

If you will but forget him, and fix your mind on me,
Till death doth demand me, to you I'll faithful be.
To which this fair maiden answered, sir, that never can be,
I never can admire any other but he.

He is the darling of my heart, none else can I adore,
So take this as an answer, and trouble me no more.
Then said this gallant sailor, what is your true love's name?
Both that and his description, I wish to know the same.

It is really most surprising, that he was so unkind,
As to leave so fair a creature in sorrow here behind.
George Reily I call him, a lad both neat and trim,
So manly in deportment, that few can excel him.

His amber locks in ringlets, his sturdy shoulders bare,
And his skin far exceeded the fragrant lily fair.
Fair maid, I had a mesmate, George Reily was his name,
I am sure, from your description that he must be the same.

Three years we spent together, in the old Belflew,
And such a gallant comrade, before I never knew.
It was on the twelfth of April, near to Port Royal Bay,
We had a tight engagement before the break of day.

Between Rodney and De Gras, where many a man did fall,
Your true love he fell by a French cannon ball;
Whilst weltering in his blood your generous lover lay,
With falt'ring voice and broken sighs, these words I heard him say:

Farewell! my dearest Nancy, were you but standing by,
To gaze your last upon me, contented would I die.
This melancholy story wounded her so deep,
She wrung her hands in anguish, and bitterly did weep.

Crying, my joys are ended, if what you say be true,
Instead of having pleasure, I've naught but grief in view.

On hearing which, his person no longer he conceal'd,
He flew into her arms, and his person did reveal.

Now these constant lovers did each other embrace;
He kiss'd her bright tears from her cheeks, and wip'd
her lovely face,
Saying, my dearest Nancy, with you I'll ever stay,
I'll never more depart till my mainmast's cut away.

Push along—Keep moving.

As sung by Mr. H. EBERLE, with unbounded applause.

I am a man of learning, and the ladies say I'm pretty;
A school I kept for many years, in London's famous
city;
The arts and sciences I taught, though somewhat
fond of roving,
For this my motto always was, to push along, keep
moving.

(*Spoken in different voices.*)—How d'ye do, old one? My dear boy, how do you do? Want a little instruction in bang up—that don't come within the circle of the sciences. Explain! Oh, I only want to gammon the flats. Now I have it, music—this is the science you want to learn—do me the honor to become my pupil—I'll learn you how to gammon the flats, on the new principles of

Push along, keep moving.

A wife I had, and she was young, oh, think of wedlock's joys;
She would not let me keep a school, because I whipp'd
the boys;
Says she, a doctor you shall be, your talents thus improving,
And all your patients, by your drugs, shall push
along, keep moving.

(*Spoken.*) I want some'at for my wife's infernal parts, she has gotten the gripes. Oh, fie, I'm ashamed of you—your wife's complaint is inwardly. Yes, she has got a PEAN in her head. A pain in her head; hem, come, tip, you understand me? Understand ye, yes, yes; there, now transcribe—eh! what is this I behold—a sovereign, as I hope for money—ay, this will do. Now, friend, carry her this box of pills—she must take fifteen of 'em three times a day, for seven days—they are infallible, and sure to make her

Push along, keep moving.

My doctor's shop I soon gave up, as every body's cry
Was—pray, don't take that fellow's stuff, for if you
do, you'll die;
I set up baker in a trice, but wasn't long in proving,
A baker's shop would never do, to push along, keep
moving.

(*Spoken.*) A two-penny loaf, sir. Here, my little man. La, sir, it is very small! You have the less to carry, my child. There's your money. Here's only three half-pence, you chap. You have the less to count, sir—if you please, sir, will you trust me a quartern loaf? No, I can't trust; that's not the way to

Push along, keep moving.

In vain I tried to get my bread, by baking bread for
others,
Because I let it go on tick to little children's mothers
A chandler's shop at last I took, my wife was very
loving,
Because it made both her and I, to push along, keep
moving.

(*Spoken.*) I want a farthing's worth of salt. Can't make less than a ha'porth. Well, I must have

that—got any paper? Can't sell a ha'porth of salt and give paper, too. I say, old Bumblehead, give us a pen'orth of bread, and a ha'porth of small beer. Here, here, vy, vat a rum gill you are! tip us a pen-'orth of that there cheese, in your window. Come, none of your rum fun; stow your vit, and look sharp, for I vants to

Push along, keep moving.

Of all the Boys.

As sung by Mr. ANDERSON, with great applause, in the Melo-Drama of Brian Borohme, at the New-York Theatres.

Of all the boys that e'er were known,
From the Liffey to the Lea, sir,
I'll wager you a half a crown,
You ne'er knew one like me, sir:
You ne'er knew one that had the way,
To make the ladies sigh, sir,
To win their hearts both yea and nay,
With half such ease, as I, sir.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

I scarce was breech'd, ere I began
To court the girls at fairs, sir,
And, on my honor, scarce a man,
Ere I had twenty heirs, sir;
Before my infant wrinkles came,
As truly as I sing, sir;
I could have counted of my name,
A regiment for the king, sir.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

Let learned doctors rules explain,
The secret if they can, sir,
To me the secret's very plain,
I am an *Irishman!* sir.

An Irishman, of whom they say
Love-making all his trade is,
Whose chief delight, both night and day,
Is to charm and please the ladies.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

London Adulterations.

TUNE—"Dennis Bulgruddery."

London tradesmen, 'tis plain, at no roguery stop,
They *adulterate* every thing they've in their shop;
You must buy what they sell, and they sell what they please,
For they would if they could, sell the moon for green cheese.
Tantarantara, what, what horrible roguery.

Imitation, 'tis well known, is now all the rage,
Every thing imitated is in this rare age;
Teas, coffee, beer, butter, milk, &c.—in brief,
No doubt they'll soon imitate mutton and beef.

The grocer sells *ash leaves*, and *sloe leaves* for tea.
Ting'd with *Dutch pink* and *vir digris*, just like Bohea.
What *slow poison* means, Sloman now has found out.
We shall to a *T* be *poisoned* no doubt.

Other grocers for *pepper*, sell trash call'd P. D.
And *burnt horse beans*, for coffee—how can such things be?
Now, I really do think, those who make such a slip,
And treat us like *horses*, deserve a *horsewhip*

The milkman, although he is honest he vows,
Milks his pumps night and morn quite as oft as his cows;
Claps you plenty of *chalk* in your *score*—what a bilk:
And, egad, claps you plenty of chalk in your milk

The baker will swear all his *bread's* made of *flour*;
But just mention alum, you'll make him look *sour*;
His ground *bones* and *pebbles* turn men skin and *bone*,
We ask him for *bread*, and he gives us a *stone*.

A slippery rogue is the cheesemonger, zounds,
For with *kitchen-stuff* oft he his *batter* compounds:
His *fresh eggs* are laid *over the water*, we know,
For which, faith, he *over the water* should go.

The butcher *puffs his tough mutton* like lamb,
And oft for *south down* sells an old *mountain ram*;
Bleed poor *worn-out cows* to pass off for *white veal*,
For which he deserves to die by his own *steel*.

The brewer a *chemist* is, that is quite clear,
For we soon find no *hops* have hopp'd into his beer
'Stead of *malt*, he from *drugs* brews his *porter* and swipes,
So, no wonder that we have so often the *drug* gripes!

The tobacconist *smokes* us with *short cut* of *weeds*,
And finds his *returns* of such trash still succeeds:
With snuff of *ground grass* and *dust*, oft we are gull'd,
And for serving *our noses* so, his should be pull'd.

The wine merchant, that we *abroad* may not *roam*,
With *sloe juice* and brandy makes our *port* at *home*.
The distillers their *gin* have with vitriol fill'd,
So 'tis clear they're in roguery, *double distill'd*.

Thus, we rogues have in grain, and in tea, too, that's clear,
But don't think I suppose we have any rogues *here*;
"Present company's always excepted," you know,
So I wish *all rogues* their *deserts*—so, now I must go.

Immortal Washington.

TUNE—"Bunch of Rushes."

Columbia's greatest glory,
Was her lov'd chief, fair freedom's friend,
Whose fame, renown'd in story,
Shall last, till time itself shall end.
Ye muses bring
Your harps, and sing
Sweet lays, that in smooth numbers run,
In praise of our lov'd hero,
The great, the godlike Washington.

His fame through future ages,
Columbia's free-born sons shall raise;
The theme each heart engages,
All tounges shall join to sing his praise;
With joy sound forth
His virtuous worth,
And tell the glorious acts he's done.
Of all mankind, the greatest
Was our beloved Washington.

And oh! thou great Creator,
Who form'd his youth, and watch'd his age,
Since thou, in course of nature,
Hast called him from his earthly stage,
Great power above
Enthron'd in love,
Who was before this world began,
Receive into thy bosom,
Our virtuous hero—Washington.

Gumbo Chaff.

On de Ohio bluffs in de state of Indiana,
Dar's where I lib, chock up to de Habbanna,
Eb'ry mornin early Massa gib me licker,
I take my net and paddle, and put out de quicker,
I jump into my kiff,
And I down de riber driff,
And I cotch as many toropin as six nigger liff.

Now dis mornin on a drift-log tink I see an alligator,
I skull my kiff around and chuck him sweet potater,
I cratch him on de hed and try for to wex it,
But I could'nt fool de varmint no how I could fix it;
So I picks up a brick,
An' I fotch'd him sich a lick,
But 'twant nothin' but a pine knot 'pon a big stick.

Now ole Massa bild a barn to put in de fodder,
Dis ting an' dat ting an' one ting anodder;
Thirty ninth December time come a rise ob water,
An' it carry Massa barn much furder dan it oughter
Den ole Massa swear,
He cus an' tare he hair,
Becase de water tuck de barn off he could'nd tell where.

Now ole Massa di on de 'lebenteenth of April,
I put him in de troff what cotch de sugar maple;
I digs a deep hole right out upon de lebel,
An' I do believe sure enough he's gone to de debil,
For when he lib you know,
He light upon me so,
But now he's gone to tote de firewood way down below.

Den Missy she did marry Big Bill de weaver,
Soon she found out he was a gay deceiver,

He grab all de money and he put it in his pocket,
And de way he did put out was a sin to Davy Crockett;
So ole Missy cry,
And 'gin to wipe her eye,
For she marry Bill de weaver she cou'dn't tell why.

Now one day de sun gone down an' de days work ober,
Old Gumbo Chaff he tink he'd lib in clober;
He jump into a boat wid his ole tamborin,
While schooner-hed Sambo play'd de violin;
De way we sail'd to New Orleans,
Neber be forgotten,
Dey put me on de leby dock to roll a bale o' cotton.

When I cotch hold de bale oh! den you ought to seen us!
First time dis child 'gan to show his genus;
got hold de corner an' I give him such a hug,
An' I light upon him like a duck 'pon a June bug,
Oh! you ought to ben dare,
To see de niggers laff,
For dey swore it was de debil or ole Gumbo Chaff.

I larn'd to talk de French oh! a la mode de dancey,
Kick him shoe, tare him wool, parley vo de Francey,
Bone jaw Madamselle, stevadors and riggers,
Apple jack and sassafras and little Indian niggers;
Den de natives laff'd,
An swore dat I was corn'd,
For dey neber heard sich French since dey was born'd.

I leab New Orleans early one day mornin,
I jump'd aboard de boat jist as de day was dawnin',

I hide behind de wood where de niggers always toss 'em,
And lay low, like de coon when him tries to fool de possum;
I lay dare still,
Doe 'twas rather diffikill,
An' dey did'nt find me out till I got to Louisville.

Dare Jim beats de drum an' ole Joe's de fifer,
An' I is dat child what can read, write, an' cifer;
Twice one is five, den carry six to seben,
Twice six is twenty-nine, an' eighteen's eleben,
So 'twixt you and me,
Its wery plain to see,
Dat I larnt to play de banjo by de double rule of tree.

Now I 'rive on our farm on de Ohio bluff,
An' I tink of fun an' frolic ole Gumbo's had enough;
Oh! de wite folks at home I wery much amuse,
When I sing dis song, an' tell 'em all de news;
So we'd music all night,
An' dey set up sich a laff
When I introduc'd de niggers to Mrs. Gumbo Chaff.

Long tail Blue.

I've come to town to see you all,
I ask you how d'ye do:
I'll sing a song not very long,
About my long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue,
And how d'ye think it will do.

Some niggers they have but one coat,
But dis child has got two;
I wears a jacket all the week,
And Sunday—my long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

Jim Crow is a courting a white gall,
And yaller folks call her Sue,
I guess she backed a nigger out
And swung my long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c

As I was gwoin up Market street,
I holler'd arter Sue,
The watchmen came and took me up,
And split my long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c

I took it to a tailor shop,
To see what he could do;
He took a needle and some thread,
And mended my long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

If you want to win the ladies' hearts,
I'll tell you what to do,
Go to a tip top tailor shop,
And buy a long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

A rail road now is gwoin to cum,
From Carolina through,
And Ohio nigs will go down dere,
And sport de long tail blue.
Hurra for the long tail blue, &c.

De Carolina nigs will cum up here;
But 'taint no matter if dey do;
For dem are chaps wear a roundabout,
Case dey got no long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

When you go to de tailor to buy a coat,
Dey trust till it is due;

But 'tis de money right down, de cash upon de nail,
When you go for de long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

Now Jackson wants to fight de French,
But I don't tink 'twill do,
'Twill make de goods so awful dear,
'Twill *veto* de long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

Now Crockett's gone to Texico,
To fight like de debil, too,
But he aint no how of much account,
Case he got no long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

'Tis time dis child did lumber home,
To get a buss of Sue;
So here I goes, good bye, kind folks,
Don't forget de long tail blue.
Oh, for the long tail blue, &c.

Zip Coon.

As sung by Mr. Dixon.

I went down to Sandy-hook, toder arternoon,
I went down to Sandy-hook, toder arternoon,
I went down to Sandy-hook, toder arternoon,
An de fust man I met dare was old Zip Coon.

Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
Old Zip Coon is a very larned scholar,
He plays on de banjo cooney in de hollar.

Did you ever see de wild goose sail on de ocean,
O de wild goose motion is a very pretty motion,
For when de wild goose wink he beckon to de swallor,
An den de wild goose holler, google, google, goller.

Old Suke Blueskin fell in lub wid me,
She vite me to her house to take a cup of tea,
What do you tink Old Suke had for supper ?
Dare was chicken foot, sparrow grass and apple sauce
butter.

O my ole Misse is very mad wid me,
Because I wouldn't go wid her an' lib in Tennessee
Massa build a barn dare an' put in all de fodder,
Dare was dis ting an' dat ting an' one ting anoder.

As I was a gwoin down de new cut road,
I met a little tarapin looking at a toad ;
An' jist at every time de toad begin to jump,
Tarapin hide himself behind a burnt stump.

Dat tarnal criter Crockett, he neber say he prayers,
He kill all de wild cats, de coons an' de bears
An' den he go to Washington to help make de laws,
An' dare he find de Congressmen sucking ob deir
paws.

If I was de President ob dese United States,
I'd suck lasses candy an' swing upon de gates,
An' dose I did'nt like I'd cross em off de docket,
De way I'd row 'em up would be a sin to Crockett

I tell you what's a gwoin to happen now very soon,
De United States bank will be blown to de moon.
Den all oder bank notes will be mighty plenty,
An one silver dollar be worth ten or twenty.

O glory be to Jackson, for he blow up de banks,
An' glory be to Jackson, for he many funny pranks,
An' glory be to Jackson, for de battle of Orleans,
For dare he gib de enemy de hot butter beans.

Sich a gitting up Stairs.

As sung by Bob Farrell.

On a Suskyhanner raft I come down de bay,
And I danc'd, and I frolick'd, and I fiddled all de way,
Sich a gitting up stairs I never did see.

Trike de toe an heel—cut de pigeon wing,
Scratch gravel, slap de foot—dat's jist de ting.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

I went to de play, and I see'd Jim Crow,
O nigger Isham den he swell, for Jim was no go!
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

I look him in de face until I make him grin,
An den I trow a backa quid an hit him on de shin.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

Oh! I is dat boy dat knows how to preach a sarmon
'Bout temperance, and seven up, and all dat kind of varment.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

Nigger hold a meeting about de colonization,
An dare I spoke a speech about amalgamation.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

To Washington I go, dare I cut a swell,
Cleaning gemman's boots and ringing auction bell
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

I call on yaller Sal dat trade in sassenges,
And dare I met big Joe, which make my dander ris.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

Says I, you see dat door? jist mosey, nigger Joe,
For I'm a Suskyhanner boy dat knows a thing or two!
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

And den I show my science—prenez gardez vouz,
Bung he eye, break he shin, split de nose in two.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

Sal holler out—den she jump 'tween us,
But guess he no forget de day when Isham show his
genus.
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

en big Joe went out, he gwoin to take de law,
ut he no fool de 'possum—I cut stick for Baltimore
Sich a gitting up stairs, &c.

Major Longbow's Æronautic Expedition

I mounted the hurricane's back,
And bridled his fierce career;
Away I sped in the lightning's track,
And left old Time in my rear;
When trav'ling far above the clouds,
The de'il came thundering by—
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true—
What will you lay it's a lie?

I overtook the sun in his way,
The driver lay fast asleep;
His horses were feeding on musty hay,
His car had an empty seat;
I seiz'd on the slack'ning reins,
I drove through the sapphire sky;
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true, &c.

In nearing the evening star,
For fear I should run foul upon it,
I wheel'd to the left with the car,
And pass'd o'er the tail of the comet.
I heard a fearful shout within,
The people began to cry—
Indeed, upon my life tis true. &c.

I stole a heav'n-fed steed from the car,
Like Gilpin I scamper'd away;
In my hurry I ran down a star
Which happen'd to be in my way.
From planet to planet I flew,
Where ne'er wander'd Philosophy's eye,
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true, &c.

I dined with imperial Jove,
Took tea with his wife at eleven,
And the rest of the evening made love
To the blushing queen of heaven.
We drank of ambrosial dew,
"To your health, fair queen," says I—
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true, &c.

Lightning is furnished by steam!
At this you must not wonder;
I pass'd his blacksmith shop, and seen
Old Vulcan forging thunder.
Quoth he, "friend, how do you do?"
"Quite well, kind sir," says I—
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true, &c.

I borrow'd Apollo's golden lyre,
To show him a touch of my skill—
The stars flew out of their orbits of fire,
And danc'd a French quadrille.
Old Jupiter heartily laugh'd to see
The stars in odd curvatures fly;
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true, &c.

I waltz'd with the great northern bear,
Play'd hide-and-go-seek with the devil.
Fell in love with a spirit of air,
Who flirted with me at a revel;
She begg'd me to marry her, too,
While a tear stole into her eye;
Indeed, upon my life 'tis true, &c.

I flatter'd the terrible lightning's ire,
Out bellow'd the booming thunder;
In wantonness set Olympus on fire,
And rent its rocks asunder.
I threw a somerset over the moon,
And fell on the Catholic spire,
On Sycamore street, last Friday at noon,
Now—what will you lay I'm a liar?

Jim Crow.

Listen all you galls and boys, I'm just from Tuckyhoe,
I'm going to sing a little song, my name's Jim Crow.
Weel about and turn about, and do jis so,
Eb'ry time I weel about I jump Jim Crow.

I'm a rorer on de fiddle, an down in ole Verginny,
Dey say I play de ski-en-tific, like massa Pag-ganninny.
Weel about, &c.

I am a peeler on my legs, I dance de gal-lop-pade,
An wen I done, I rest my head on de shobble, hoe, or spade.
Weel about, &c.

I met Miss Dinah Scrub one day, I gib her sich a buss,
An den she turn an slap my face, an make a mity fuss
Weel about, &c.

I went down de ribber, I didn't mean to stay,
But dar de galls dey charm me so I can't get away.
Weel about, &c.

An den I kast de sheep's eye, so dey all fell in lub,
I pik de choos, amung dem dar, 'twas Misse Dinah Scrub.
Weel about, &c.

De udder galls dey ginn too fite, I teld dem wait a bit,
I'd had dem all, jist one by one, as I tourt fit.
Weel about, &c.

I wipp my weight in black squirl, I eat de Allegater,
I put more water in my mouff den kivver fifty lode of tater.
Weel about, &c.

De way dey bake de hoe-cake, Verginny nebber tire,
Dey put de doe upon de foot, an stik im in de fire.
Weel about, &c.

I set uppon de bool's horn, I hop uppon dis toe,
I tie de Sea Sarp round my nek, he make de nigger blow.
Weel about, &c.

O den I go to Nu York, too put dem rite all dare,
I find dat Noah he resine, an tink he come de maer.
Weel about, &c.

An dar he Web, he tick uppon a paper wat he sel',
De prinspal, wat he tink good, I tink it wors as hell.
Weel about, &c.

For in de lecshun jis now pass, he make so many bet,
He hab too shel de munny out, I tink it make im swet.
Weel about, &c.

An now I'm too de Oppeererr, mong good 'ciety, you no,
An all de galls wat I can see. aint fit for Jim Crow.
Weel about, &c.

I sings all of deese varses, an tre tousand more,
An wen I done dey all skreem out, let's gib de Nig enkore
Weel about, &c.

The Pizing Sarpent.

Near Springfield mou-oo-ountains there did dwe-e-ell,
A lovely you-oo-uth known full well!
Ri turul lurul, ri turul lu-oo-rul,
Ri turul lu-oo-rul, ri turul la!

This lovely you-oo-uth one day did go-o-o,
Down in the mea-a-dow for to mow.
Ri turul, &c

He mow'd all rou-oo-ound, and at length did fee-e-el,
A *pizing sar-ar-pent* bite his heel.
Ri turul, &c.

They took him ho-o-ome to Sally de-e-ear,
It made her fee-e-el so very queer.
Ri turul, &c.

O! Johnny de-e-ar, why did you go-o-o
Down in the mea-a-dow for to mow?
Ri turul, &c.

O Sally de-e-ar, I thought you kno-oo-ow'd
'Twas daddy's ha-a-ay, and it must be mow'd!
Ri turul, &c.

At length he di-i-ed, and gave up the gho-o-ost,
And off to Abram's bo-oo-som he did post.
Ri turul, &c.

Sing-ing, sing-ing, as he we-e-ent,
O cruel, cruel *Sar-pi-ent!*
Ri turul, &c.

Love and Sausages.

As sung by Mr. A. Drake.

Near Fly-Market liv'd a dame,
Tural, lural, tural, lural,
She was ugly, squinting, lame;
Tural, lural, &c.
Lovers, she had none, good lack,
Tural, lural, &c.
Her only Beau was at her back,
Tural, lural, &c.

She had money and I had none,
Tural, lural, &c.
So to court her I begun;
Tural, lural, &c.
But a cruel Butcher, he,
Tural, lural, &c.
Cut in there—so cut out me,
Tural, lural, &c.

Said he lov'd her for her sake,
Tural, lural, &c.
Swore his peace was all at stake,
Tural, lural, &c.
Said he loved the darling chuck,
Tural, lural, &c.
With all his heart and all his pluck,
Tural, lural, &c.

To gain his point, he gave a ball,
Tural, lural, &c.
I was invited, the neighbors and all;
Tural, lural, &c.
I ax'd her hand, and here I do declare,
Tural, lural, &c.
She gave me her foot, but I mus'nt tell where,
Tural, lural, &c.

I went to see her one dark night,
Tural, lural, &c.
With the rain I was drench'd through quite,
Tural, lural, &c.
And there I found the faithless *She*,
Tural, lural, &c.
Frying sausages for—*He*,
Tural, lural, &c.

Now one kind kiss before we part,
Tural, lural, &c.
For you have broke a faithful heart,
Tural, lural, &c.
Scarcely I these words had said,
Tural, lural, &c.
When with the *pan* she broke my head,
Tural, lural, &c.

Now all you who for love are sighing,
Tural, lural, &c.
Ne'er go courting while they're *frying*,
Tural, lural, &c.
Lest like me you feel the weight,
Tural, lural, &c.
Of a pan upon your pate,
Tural, lural, &c.

The Coal Black Rose.

As sung, with unbounded applause, at the New-York, Boston and Philadelphia Theatres.

Lubly Rosa, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum,
Lubly Rosa, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum,
Oh Rose, der coal black Rose,
I wish I may be scorch'd if I don't lub Rose;
Oh Rose, der coal black Rose.

Dat you Sambo? yes I cum,
Don't you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum,
Dat you Sambo? yes I cum,
Don't you hear de Banjo tum, tum, tum,
Oh! Rose, der coal black Rose,
I wish I may be scorch'd if I don't lub Rose;
Oh! Rose, der coal black Rose.

Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon
As I make a fire in de backa room,
Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon
As I make a fire in de backa room;
Oh! Rose, bress dat Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose,
Oh! Rose, der coal black Rose.

Make hase Rose, lubly dear,
I almose tiff as poker tandin here;
Make hase Rose, lubly dear,
I almose tiff as poker tandin here,
Oh! Rose, I almose froze,
wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose;
Make hase, Rose, I almose froze.

Cum in Sambo, don't tand dar shakin,
De fire is burnin, de hoe-cake a bakin;
Cum in Sambo, don't tan dar shakin,
De fire is burnin, de hoe-cake a bakin;
Oh! Rose, bress dat Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose;
Oh! Rose, der coal black Rose.

Sit down Sambo, warm your shin,
Lord bress you honey, for what make you grin?
Sit down Sambo, warm your shin,
Lord bress you honey, for what make you grin?
Oh! Rose, bress dat Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't lub Rose;
Oh! Rose, der coal black Rose.

I laff to tink if you was mine, lubly Rose,
I'd gib you plenty, the Lord above knows,
Of possum fat and hommony, sometime rice,
Cow-heel and sugar-cane, and ebry ting dats nice,
Oh! Rose, bress dat Rose,
I wish I may be shute if I don't lub Rose;
Oh! Rose, der coal black Rose.

What in de corner dar Rose, dat I py,
I know dat nigger Cuffee by de white ub he eye,
Dat not Cuffee, 'tis a tick ub wood I sure,
A tick ub wood wid tockey on, you tell me dat, shaw;
Oh! Rose, take care Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose;
Oh! Rose, you bracka snake Rose.

Let go my arm Rose, let me at him rush,
I swella his two lips like a black-a ball-a-brush;
Let go my arm Rose, let me at him rush,
I swella his two lips like a black-a ball-a-brush;
Oh! Rose, take care Rose,
Take care Rose, take care Rose,
I wish I may be beat if I don't hate Rose.

He clar himself for sartin, he cutta dirt and run,
Now Sambo follow arter wid his tum, tum, tum,
He clar himself for sartin, he cutta dirt and run,
Now Sambo follow arter wid his tum, tum, tum,
Oh! Rose, farewell Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't hate Rose,
Oh! Rose, you blacka snake Rose.

De Carolinia Crew.

Cum all ye Virginia gals and listen to my noise,
Nebber do you wed wid de Carolinia boys;
For if dat you do, your fortune it shall be,
Corn cakes and hommony, and Jango-lango tea.
Singing, Mamselle Marie, chee bone cum saw,
Mamselle Marie, oh chee bone cum saw.

Dey take you an' place you on Jango-lango hill,
Dare dey make you work an' you tarry to your will;
You work all day your fingers to de quick,
Den you trable o'er de groun' like a crooked maple stick
Singing Mamselle, &c.

O, ebery night, jist before we go to bed,
We build up a fire dat is higher dan our head,
We open de ashes, an' in dem we trow
De stuff dat we call dar, dough, gals, dough.
Singing Mamselle, &c.

We had a little cow, an' we milk her in a gourd,
We put it in de corner, an' kiver'd wid a board;
An' dat am de way we used for to do,
Wen I lib'd along wid de Carolinia crew.
Singing Mamselle, &c

Buckskins an' moccasin to a high degree,
Den we go a courtin' de pretty gals to see;
De fus word dey say wen we do set down,
Is haze aroun' de Johny-cake, its bakin' mos too brown.
Singing Mamselle, &c.

Some hab de moccasin, an' some he hab none,
Dem wat hab de pair ob boots he tinks himself fun,
Wid de big brass buttons an' a long tail blue,
Why dem are de dandies ob de Carolinia crew.
Singing Mamselle, &c.

Wen I was a slave, some leben years ago,
Ole Massa gib me shoble, a rake an' a hoe,
But I told him smack, it neber would do,
For I was bound to shine 'mong de Carolinia crew.
Singing Mamselle, &c.

Den Massa he git mad, an' he hit me on de head,
An' den I tumble down an' make him 'blieve I dead,
But wen he go away, den I lumber'd up an' flew,
An' got aboard de boat wid de Carolinia crew.
Singing Mamselle, &c.

I shook hands wid de crew upon de Uncle Sam,
Miss Dinah gib me bacon, Sam Johnson gib me dram,
An' dat is de way we used for to do,
Wen dey got a volunteer to de Carolinia crew.
Singing Mamselle, &c.

Oh de Carolinia crew am a monstrous tall crowd,
Dey walks in de Hubanas, and dey dresses up loud
An' wen dey're on a spree, mind I tells you,
You'd better meet de debbil dan dat Carolinia crew
Singing Mamselle, &c.

Billy Barlow.

O! Ladies and Gemmen all, how do you do?
I ve come out before you with one boot and one shoe,
I don't know how it is, but some how 'tis so,
O! is'nt it hard for poor Billy Barlow?
Oh! dear, Raggedy O!
And is'nt it hard for poor Billy Barlow?

As I was walking down town t'other day,
The people all look'd at me, and some of them did say
Why! that fellow there, why! he ain't so slow;
Humph! I guess not, says a lady, that's Mr. Barlow
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

They say there's been a robbery committed in town,
I don't know who could have done it but Banker the clown;
I feel perfectly safe, I'd have you to know,
I should like to see a man try to rob Billy Barlow!
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

I went out to the races jist the other day,
The man that keeps the gate asked me to pay;
Pay!—says I, and I look'd at him so—
O, you can pass on, I know you—you're Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

I hadn't been long, you must know, on the ground,
When the good people there all came flocking around,
Asking, who is that gemman, does any one know?
Why yes, that's the man what sings Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

O dear! bless my soul, but I'm tired of this life,
I wish in my heart I could get a good wife;
If there's any young lady here wanting a beau,
Let her fly to the arms of young William Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

They say there is a wild beast show come to town,
Of lions, and monkeys, and porcupines too;
But if they start to show, I'll beat them I know,
For they hain't got a varmint like Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

They tried to buy me to go with that show,
But the monkeys got jealous, and the lion snapp'
at me too,
The hyena growled and he looked at me so,
Thinks I, 'twill never do for you, Mr. Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

I'm sure I was born, but where I can't tell,
My mother never told me, I know very well;
But I've grown up a beauty, that all of you know;
For perfection's self just look at Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

There's been a nigger here with a long tail blue,
But he ain't a patching, and that's very true;
If you want a cut for a coat or any thing so—
Just look at the rigging of Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

The tailors in town are all running after me,
To get the cut of my clothes, that's plain to see;

But before they can get them, I'll just let you know,
They must tip up the rhino to Mr. Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

Dinah Rose has reported that I have got married,
I wish here she had a little longer tarried;
If she had, I'd a caught and choked her just so—
She don't know how she has abused Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

I wish I had a boarding house where I could stay,
I'm so hungry and sleepy—I've eat nothing to-day:
They'll not let me in at Throckmorton's I know,
But there's a vacant stall in the market for Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

The butchers' dogs they don't like me, they bit me last night,
I got to their stalls and that made them fight;
And such quantities of rats running to and fro,
They disturbed the sweet slumbers of Mr. Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O! &c.

O Ladies and Gentlemen, I bid you good by,
I'll get a new suit when clothes ain't so high
My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
Yet it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.
Oh! dear, Raggedy O!
Yet it looks well on the head of this Billy Barlow.

The Dogs' Meat Man.

Near the old Fly-market not long ago,
An old maid led a life of wo,
She was seventy-two, and her face like tan,
And she fell deep in love wid a dogs' meat man.

Says she, How I love you, you dog's meat man,
You pretty little, sweet little dog's meat man;
Her lilies and her roses all turned to tan,
When she fell in love wid the dog's meat man.

Now every morning as he comes by,
Whether the weather was wet or dry,
Right opposite the door he would always stand,
Crying, Dog's meat, here's your dog's meat man.
Then the cats all ran out at the dog's meat man,
And they rubbed against the barrow of the dog's meat man;
So he picked up the barrow, and away he ran,
Crying, Dog's meat, here's your dog's meat man.

The times are very hard, says the dog's meat man,
Folks get into my debt, says the dog's meat man,
She vowed and declared it was quite scan'
So to treat such a pretty little dog's meat man.
Why, had I but the money, said the dog's meat man,
I'd set up a tripe shop, said the dog's meat man,
And marry you straight—She admired his plan,
So she lent five pounds to the dog's meat man.

The very next Sunday he was seen,
In a jacket and trowsers of velveteen,
And to Chatham Garden in a span-
New gown there she went, wid her dog's meat man.
She'd biscuits and ale wid the dog's meat man,
And she sat and she talk'd wid the dog's meat man.
She couldn't blush, because she'd no fan,
So she sat and squinted at the dog's meat man.

She'd biscuit and ale with the dog's meat man,
And she walk'd arm in arm wid the dog's meat man,
And all the little boys what outside did stand,
Cried, Lawd! look, there goes the dog's meat man.

Then away she went home, and at the back door
She patiently waited an hour or more;
For a pint of peppermint then away she ran,
For to treat this pretty little dog's meat man.

Then she went in all bathed in tears,
Her former hopes transform'd to fears,
The cats and the dog a row began,
As much as to say, Where's your dog's meat man?
Oh! you nasty dirty little dog's meat man!
You ugly little swindling dog's meat man!
For somebody had given her to understand,
He already had a wife and seven pretty little dog's meat mans.

Billy O'Rourke.

Faith I graased my brogues and took my stick the twentieth day of May, sirs,
Then aff to Dublin town I tripp'd to walk upon the sae, sirs,
To see if I could get employ to cut their hay and corn, sirs,
To pick up pence upon the sae the cockneys I might larn, sirs.
With my phillaloo and heart so true,
Arrah! Billy O'Rourke the Bochle.

gave the captain six thirteens, to carry me o'er to Porgate,
But before we got one half o' the road the wind it blew at a hard rate,
The sticks that grew up through the ship they sang out like a whistle,
And the sailors all, both great and small, they swore, We's going to the devil.
With my phillaloo, &c.

The ship she sang us all to sleep till they came to
the place of landing,
And those that was the most fatigued the sails were
out a handing,
They looked so smart, they won my heart—says I,
You fools of riches,
Although you've no tails to your coats, you've money
in your britches.
With my phillaloo, &c.

I met an honest gentleman a-traveling the road, sirs,
Good morning, says I, pray how do you do? but he
proved a mighty rogue, sirs,
For at the corner of a lane a pistol he pulled out, sirs,
And he rammed the muzzle, arrah, what a shame,
into my very mouth, sirs.
With my phillaloo, &c.

Your money, I last your Irish eyes: Arrah! be mer-
ciful, cried I, sirs,
He swore my brains he would blow out if I should
bawl or cry, sirs,
He leveled fair just for my sconce, three steps I did
retire, sirs,
His pan it flashed, and his head I smashed—my
shillelagh don't miss fire, sirs.
With my phillaloo, &c.

A widow next did me employ all for to cut and
thrash, sir,
No man like me could handle a flail, in troth I was
a dasher,
She had a maid that used me well, but I being afraid
o' the beadle,
I bid her good morning—Madam, says I, I think
you'll have use for your cradle.
With my phillaloo, &c.

Marseilles Hymn of Liberty.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

O! Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

The Old Hat.

AIR—"Washing Day."

When this old hat was new, my boys,
Full three score years and ten,
There's few that's living now can tell,
How plenty things were then.
Good liquor in a poor man's house,
Was a pleasant thing to view,
Besides we had both ale and souse,
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, my boys,
'Twas Christmas in the morn,
We did not want for the best of food,
We had both wheat and corn.
The rich they wanted no waiting on,
Which they were kindly welcome to,
Besides there was no cheating then,
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, by boys,
Soldiers were not press'd;
They boldly entered volunteers,
Their fortunes proved the best;
The tories they all took a flight,
Which they most welcome were to do,
For they might as well be d—d as fight,
When this old hat was new.

The Mountaineer's Song.

Composed for "The American Minstrel."

Oh, talk not to me of the "West" and its rivers—
Its valleys retiring the forests' gloom through—
Its lakes, in whose bosoms the summer sun quivers,
Reflecting a sky ever smiling and new.
Tho' fair be thy streams which flash through the wildwood,
And rich are thy valleys, and sunny thy skies—
The scenes that encompass the home of my childhood,
Tho' less bright their aspect, more dearly I prize.

Soft, soft is the South, as it sighs o'er thy flowers,
Or noiselessly ripples the slumbering fount;
And cool are the shades of thy vine-trellic'd bowers,
Like Eden spots glowing on hill side and mount.
They are bright—they are fair—but give me the mountains,
That rush in magnificence on the clear sky;
Tho' dark be the gush of their pine-cover'd fountains,
And rugged the glens where the covert deer lie.

Broad, broad are thy plains where the buffalo grazes,
And verdant the emerald swells of their grass;
But the Indian alone treads their difficult mazes,
Or skulks where the prairie-wolves tremblingly pass.
There's a splendor aye broods o'er the rush of thy waters,
A sweet song of birds from copse, dingle, and grove.
And kind are the hearts of thy gazelle-ey'd daughters,
When friendship awakens, and ushers in love.

But mem'ry still clings with its tendrils around thee,
And hovers and weeps o'er my childhood's first home;
Too strong are the links which in infancy bound me,
To break now, when destiny bids me to roam.

But hark! 'tis the roar of the cataract swelling,
O'er cliff, stream, and fountain, thro' brake, gorge, and dell,
Recalling the wanderer to his lone dwelling—
So, "beautiful west," fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!

Dame Durden.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls
To carry the milking-pail;
She also kept five laboring men,
To wield the spade and flail:
'Twas Moll and Bet,
And Doll and Kate,
And Dorothy Draggletail;
And John and Dick,
And Joe and Jack,
And Humphry with his flail;
'Twas John kissed Molly,
And Dick kissed Betty,
And Joe kissed Dolly,
And Jack kissed Kitty,
And Humphry with his flail;
And Kitty she was a charming girl,
To carry the milking-pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,
She did begin to call,
To rouse her servant-maids and men,
She then began to bawl.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's servant-maids and men,
They all began to mate.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

Jim Brown.

I am de science nigger, and my name's Jim Brown,
One dat plays de music, all roun town,
I aint no common nigger dat I dare gib my hand
Becase I am de leader ob de famus bras band:
I play upon de fife, and I play upon the fiddle,
I'm oppose to de bank, an I dont like Biddle.
Chorus.

De wenches in de City, dey all run arter me,
Kase I light on dere affection, like de possum on de flea,
But dey cant suck in dis child, I dont know how it be,
For nothin less dan yaller gals can ebber do for me;
I play upon de cymbal an I makes de handsome sound,
I's a high *feluting* nigger dat dey calls Jim Brown.
Chorus.

I larn to play de fife, and to carry ob de sword,
I practice on de Banjo, Sugar in a gourd,
De niggers dey all dance when Jim begins to play
Dey dance from de mornin to de close ob de day,
I plays upon de banjo in de contarie,
I's a *clear grit* nigger from de elbow to de knee.
Chorus.

I was born in Pittsburgh, close to de Alleghany
Dere I worked upon a farm for a shillin a day,
An de genus ob dis nigger, was sure to be diskiver
I jumped in de steam boat an I come down de river,
I landed in Cincinnati, wid de cymbals in my hand,
An quick dey made dis child de leader ob de band.
Chorus.

I long to play de cymbals, an beat upon de drum,
An all de fancy tunes, dis nigger he could come;
I trable to de Opera house, to see de music dere,
But wid dis same he nigger, dey nothing could compare,

Dey may talk about dere opera, an *gas-ser-rack-er-rire,*
But dey cant come to tea wid ole Wirginny never tire.
Chorus.

I caution de Cincinnati nigger, not to stop in my way,
For if dey do, for sartin, dey'l in the gutter lay:
When I was in New Orleans, dis child felt high,
I marched wid Genral Jackson an made de red coats fly;
I play upon de cornstalk de true Yankee fiddle,
I lasses lick from punken blow, an sugar from de maple.
Chorus.

Ole Jim Brown, he sing—sing—some,
But the people not satisfied till young Jim come,
Now I hab come an tole you, all ob de cause.
An if you tink de song good, gib us your applause,
Now I hab sing you all I could, I pray dont cry encore,
Kase you kill yourself a laffin if I sing any more.
Chorus.

I went to de cradle rock ob de sweet liberty,
An I saw de names ob dose, who made dis country free,
Dere lays de ship ob war, dey name de Constitution,
Which our brave hero sailed in, to England's confusion,
In dat place dey call Boston dey tout for liberte,
An dey throws de null-fires overbord, jis as dey did de tea.
Chorus.

I went acros from Charlstown unto de Bunkerhill,
Which once de British try climb, but found it differkil,

'Twas on a cloudy morning, all in de month ob May,
Dey sails for Jonny Bull's land, bout de break ob de day,
Denour brave yankee tars, dey all follow'd arter
An dey quickly sent dem down to old Nick's locker
Chorus.

Dere is two ole sojer, dat you nebber mus forget,
One is massa Washinton, todder La Fayette,
When de war was ober, an ebery ting content,
Dey made Massa Washinton de first President,
An Yankee doodle roared away dey keep it up handy,
Some can sing, and some can say, Yankee doodle dandy.
Chorus.

Oh someting gwoin to happen now berry soon,
Ole Rach Ebersols' gwoin to de moon,
He is gwoin for to lib mong de lunar animal,
An de one dat goes next, is Jim Brown an he gal
An if ole Cox be willin, we'll take our cousin Jim
An we'll all go snacks togedder, wid de ter-rapin.
Chorus.

So since music in de city, it is all de rage,
My lubben frens persuade me to sing upon de stage,
An since I hab appeared an get applause from you,
I dont mind de constable nor fear de bug-gar-boo,
An if I get encouraged by de people of dis town,
Why take de eberlasting blessing ob dis nigger JIM BROWN.
Chorus.

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